PRICE 10 CENTS

SATURDAY NIGHT

DECEMBER 26, 1942

VOL. 58. NO. 16 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

IT IS Mr. Mackenzie King's practice to make extensive preparations for an election, every now and again, without having definitely made up his mind to hold it. The preparations cost the party very little, and the practice has two advantages. It keeps the other party or parties guessing; and it enables Mr. King to pull off his election, when he does pull it off, very suddenly, and so to give his opponents the minimum of time for preparation.

Our advice to our sporting friends who feel like backing the proposition that "There will not be a Dominion general election before the end of April, 1943," is that they should not offer too long odds. We do not say that there will be. We do not think Mr. King knows whether there will be or not. But we do say that there might be. The probable date is late February or early March.

The Meighen strategy of trying to split the Liberal majority on the conscription issue has obviously been abandoned by the Progressive Conservatives, who passed a very mild resolution of their own on the subject and will certainly not make it a major election issue. Even if they did, the English-speaking Liberals could meet them pretty effectively, if the election took place before any heavy casualty lists came in, by arguing that the Government has taken power to enforce overseas conscription whenever it finds it necessary, and will enact it if the overseas forces cannot be otherwise maintained. This will of course annoy Quebec, where French Liberals would like to campaign on the statement that Mr. King will never enforce overseas conscription; but the worst that these constituencies can do is to return Independent Liberals, and this most of them will probably do anyhow. After the war they might conceivably join up with the Progressive Conservatives to some extent, but not while it is still in progress. Mr. King may therefore be supposed to have surmounted the conscription hurdle.

Remains the inevitable unpopularity of a Government which has had the painful duty of operating three years of wartime controls. This has to be faced anyhow; the only question is whether it is better to face it now or later. There is one absolute controlling factor—the date of the invasion of Europe. If the election is to be held in the first half of 1943, it must be held before the troops are needed on the continent. Mr. King can tell when they will be needed, more or less; we cannot, and neither can Mr. Bracken nor Mr. Coldwell. That is too bad for Mr. Bracken and Mr. Coldwell. Granted that it can be got in before the invasion, there is much to be said (for the Government) for an election this winter or early spring.

The Army Vote

ONCE the invasion is started, the election cannot be held before the army's positions are again stabilized, which may be months. By the time that happens the war in Europe and Africa may well be practically over, and an election during the peace-making period is unthinkable, so that the Government would have to go into the peace conference with a mandate more than three years old and of questionable validity. The desire to consolidate its position for the peace-making had a great deal to do with the Union Government's election in 1917.

But—and here is the rub—Mr. King will not call an election so far ahead of the necessary time unless he thinks that he is pretty certain to win. He can still go to the peace conference as Prime Minister for another two years without any election. He will not hold an election if he thinks his chances are poor, even though he may think that they would be poorer yet if he waited. He naturally wants the Liberals to be in power for the peace-making; he would prefer them to be in power with a fresh mandate and a free hand, but he will do with the existing mandate rather than risk not having any at all.

BRITISH GLIDER TROOPS: MEN LIKE THESE WILL CARRY THE WAR INTO THE HEART OF THE REICH. HOW THEY WILL DO IT IS TOLD ON PAGES 4 AND 5.

Can he get his fresh mandate without risk? Here is his Opposition strongly divided, with Mr. Bracken all ready to take away from the C.C.F. a lot of votes that the Liberals could not get anyhow, but not yet ready to take away from the Liberals a lot of Liberal votes that he might get if he had time. Have the Liberals prepared any good campaign material? What of increased pay and allowances for the forces? What of liquor curtailments that don't greatly hurt those who drink and do greatly please those who don't? What of the possibility of springing something in the way of an agreement with Washington that will look good for Canadian business after the war? What of the cost-of-living reductions? What of the recognition of unions in government-owned plants?

Remember that Mr. King has the inside track, and Mr. Bracken has therefore to run very fast to keep up with him. And Mr. Bracken is not a fast runner. He made an excellent speech on Monday night, but it was the speech of a five-mile man and not of a hundred-yards-dash man. Mr. Bracken looks far into the future. He calculates his effects in years and not in weeks. He may quite possibly pull down the Liberal party in the long run, by making the Progressive Conservatives into the Progressives and taking in all the Progressive Liberals; but he will not do it by next spring. At present, and for some months to come, he will get most of his non-Conservative support from people who would probably vote C.C.F. if they didn't vote Bracken.

Parliament's Decline

MR. BRACKEN was wise, for the long pull, in putting the main stress of his first speech on the decline of Parliament, and in charging it chiefly to the rise of the new Bureaucracy which does not have to answer directly to Parliament for its doings. It is highly significant that Great Britain, situated twenty miles from enemy guns and airplane bases, has managed to preserve an immensely greater amount of parliamentary control over her Government, and her success is largely due to the fact that the determinators and administrators of major policy are nearly all in the House of Commons and can be held to responsibility by the Members.

The system of Under-Secretaries with seats in the House has been discussed, and its adoption urged, in SATURDAY NIGHT on many occasions in the last few years, and we are delighted to find it now taken up by the leader of one of the historic parties. The Government gains something in the matter of freedom in the choice of its administrators by not having to find them in the House of Commons, but the country pays a heavy price in the growth of a big and powerful group of bureaucrats who do actually, as Mr. Bracken says, operate, announce, and frequently decide policies which should be decided solely by people who can be held answerable for them in Parliament. And it pays another price in the failure of the system to educate the younger Members of Parliament to the gradual taking on of responsibility both in administration and in debate.

The chief effect of Mr. Bracken's speech was to create a general impression, among those who did not previously know him, of sincerity, seriousness, industry and reliability. His interest in the cause of the common man, and particularly of the common farmer, could hardly be questioned by anybody who listened to him. There were no tricks, no oratory, no weasel words. There was also very little to cause any immediate excitement in the breast of the hearer; but as we have said, Mr. Bracken is not aiming at anything very immediate.

A very different speech would have been made by any other of the mooted possibilities for the leadership — Mr. MacPherson, Col. Drew, Mr. Diefenbaker, to say nothing of Mr. Mitchell Hepburn. A very different speech—O how different!—would have been made by Mr. Meighen. But we suspect that Mr. Bracken's was better.

An Early Election?

See leading article on this page

To all our readers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Victorious New Year.

A Hanging Matter

WE HAVE received from the publishers of *L'Union*, a Montreal weekly supporting the political group—we are assured that it is not a party—called the Bloc Populaire Canadien, a request that we join it in a demand for the hanging ("pendaison") of the Rev. Dr. T. T. Shields of this city. We shall not do so. Apart altogether from our invincible attachment to the formalities of judicial procedure, we are quite convinced that nothing could do so much disservice to Canada as the promotion of Dr. Shields to any, even the mildest, form of martyrdom; and to select him for the highest form would be a national disaster.

We have to add that *L'Union* is prepared to give him company, and that of a very distinguished character. Dr. Shields, observes *L'Union* after giving him some descriptive names which we will not translate, "is an Anglican pastor." (He is really a member of one of the divisions of the Baptist communion, but we cannot expect these distinctions to be clear to the Quebec journalist.) "Decidedly he would pair off nicely with a certain Abbé Maheux who encumbers the ranks of our own clergy. But there is no hurry. This second personage will have his turn in due course." The Abbé Maheux is of course one of the most

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sh-h-h-h-h

They're waiting for Santa

so we'll just whisper MERRY CHRISTMAS

This is our fourth Christmas at war. As in the past years, there will be many anxious hearts and, for most of us, the merriment attendant on the day will be restrained. But it is our wish that the beloved Christmas customs and Christmas Carols, with their message of hope and faith, will bring comfort to a troubled world, and that in 1943 the promise of Peace on Earth will be fulfilled in the Victory of right.

Again our sincere thanks to our many friends and customers for their kind understanding, co-operation and patronage. To our employees, a full measure of appreciation for their sincere, loyal support.

John D. Eaton

PRESIDENT

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

distinguished historians and literary men in French Canada, but his crime in the eyes of the Bloc Populaire Canadien is that he thinks the charges of British tyranny over the French in Canada in the early years of the regime have been much exaggerated in current Quebec history books.

It is a matter of deep regret to us that Dr. Shields persists in using the most unbridled language concerning a religious faith which is cherished by a very large proportion of the people of Canada, not all of them by any means French-Canadians, and which is protected by specific safeguards in the national constitution. We cannot help wondering at times, moreover, on what principle a distinction is made between him and the Witnesses of Jehovah, who are outlawed under the Defence of Canada Regulations, unless it is that they attack all religious bodies and he only one. But we have no liking for the hanging, or even the outlawing, of preachers or societies with whom we disagree; and we venture to believe that the influence of both Dr. Shields and the Witnesses upon the opinion of the great mass of sober and intelligent people in Canada is not much greater than that of *L'Union* probably is upon the great mass of sober and intelligent French-Canadians.

MOTHER AND SON

I HOPE her quiet joy was but the same
As any Mother's with a son newborn.—
That, with his head upon her breast, there came
No faint, prophetic stabbing of a thorn.
I hope the star that shone the whole night long,
The gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh,
The open heavens and the angels' song
Recalled no ancient prophecies to her.
I hope she lay serenely there and still,
Who erstwhile knew the miracle of birth
And held all tribute, as a Mother will,
Befitting for the loveliest babe on earth,
And that, at Bethlehem, she did not see
A vision of a place called Calvary.

Riverside, Ont. MABEL FREER LOVERIDGE.

The Late Steven Cartwright

MANY of the men whose names have been familiar to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT through being attached to contributed articles during the last fifteen years are now engaged —some of them have long been engaged—in active service against the common enemy. But the first of them, and the first Canadian Rhodes Scholar, to fall in combat is Pilot Officer Steven Cartwright. Only thirty-four years old when he perished in air operations over Europe, he had already been for years a person of influence in the intellectual life of Canada. Men of his stamp are not easily spared.

Success in sport and learning alike gave him a brilliant career at the University of Toronto and at Christ Church, Oxford. His smiling, hesitant manner attracted friends in England and the United States as it had here. But his preoccupation with the problems of Canada remained constant; they were his chief interest throughout save for a brief period as managing editor of *Current History* in New York. His magazine articles and broadcasts speedily won him a national hearing. In 1941 the Canadian Institute of International Affairs published his booklet "Population: Canada's Problem" (Ryerson Press), a modest work in which the trained economist and gifted political journalist were equally in evidence.

The war cut this career short. Though born and bred to a distinguished military tradition, he did not feel himself automatically committed; he was his own master and thought his own thoughts. But he had long known what the issues were and what they would demand of him. Service outside of the immediate sphere of danger he would not tolerate. He managed to qualify for the R.C.A.F.

Never, his friends report, had he been so happy. In flight he discovered more than physical exhilaration. Upon him had dawned a new serenity of spirit. The single-mindedness which intellectuals often grasp but seldom reach was his at last. In the anguish of war he found peace, for what he did was in response to profound conviction. Steven Cartwright acted, at a time when only action counts, and so acting, gallantly died.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY

Established A.D. 1887

BERNARD K. SANDWELL, Editor
P. M. RICHARDS, Assistant and Financial Editor
WILLSON WOODSIDE, Foreign Editor
N. McHARDY, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES — Canada and Newfoundland $3.00 per year, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years; all other parts of the British Empire, $3.00 per year; all other countries $4.00 per year. Single copies 10c.

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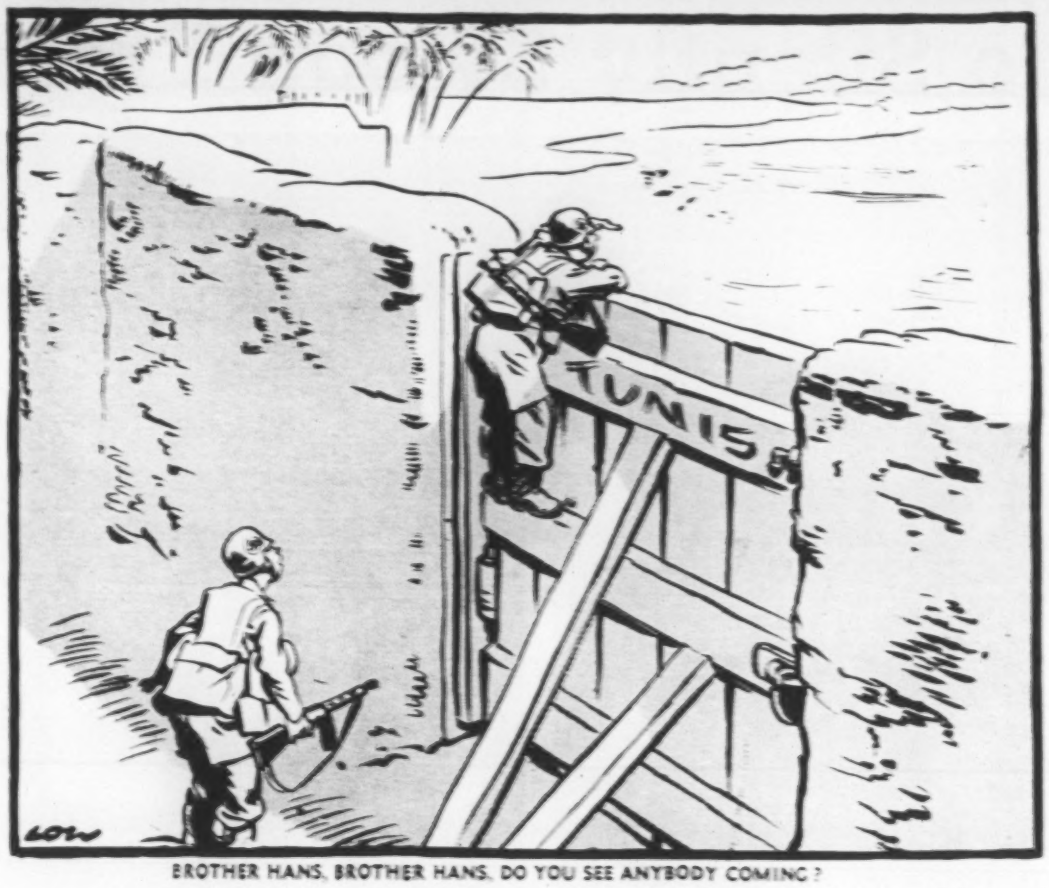
Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS
TORONTO 2, CANADA

MONTREAL.....New Birks Bldg.
NEW YORK.....Room 512, 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling - - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - - Circulation Manager

Vol. 58, No. 16 Whole No. 2598



BROTHER HANS, BROTHER HANS, DO YOU SEE ANYBODY COMING?

Willkie and Bracken

THERE is a good deal of point to the *Winnipeg Free Press*'s likening of Mr. Bracken's selection by the Progressive Conservatives to Mr. Willkie's selection by the United States Republicans. "The genuine Willkie supporters," says the Free Press, carefully distinguishing them from the Republican party bosses who are now trying their best to get rid of him, "can be likened to the more liberal-minded members of the Port Hope conference who, at the Winnipeg Convention, threw their support to Mr. Bracken."

But the *Free Press*, we think, errs in suggesting that there was a great difference between the forces which brought Mr. Willkie forward and those which did the same for Mr. Bracken, on the ground that "whereas Mr. Willkie incurred the initial enmity of the bosses and never won their confidence, Mr. Bracken has been the Canadian party bosses' candidate for more than a year." Mr. Dafoe's organ seems to forget that Mr. Willkie was literally invented by the *Time-Life-Fortune* publishing group, who are certainly not the old professional manipulators of the Republican party, but are quite as far from being the unadulterated voice of the common people.

In both cases the success of those who may be called the "promoters" was based not so much on their skill in manipulation or publicity (though in the Willkie case that was very considerable) as on their having selected the one man who could put *himself* over if given a reasonable opportunity.

The position of an Opposition leader in Canada is, fortunately, a good deal stronger than that of a defeated presidential candidate in the United States. He does not have to go before another nominating convention; and it is pretty difficult, though not impossible, to make him resign. Certainly nobody will make Mr. Bracken resign before the next general election, no matter how deeply some of the Conservative high-tariff ultra-nationalists may deplore his views. The American "economic royalists" seem to think they can afford to be a bit uppity—if *Fortune*'s estimate that the newly elected Republicans think they have a mission to repeal the New Deal is correct,—for the Democrats at the next election will have been in power for twelve years and can hardly hope for renewal, while there seems to be no danger of any Socialist party making a strong bid for popular support. But in Canada things are very different; we have Socialists, and we have an immense army which will vote, and of which a great many members have been away from civil life for something like three years, and have acquired very definite ideas about the rights of the common man. And even so, we suspect that the anti-Willkie Republicans are making the mistake of their lives.

Controls Are Pinching

CONTROLS begin by being applied where they will cause the least pain, and then are always found to be ineffective unless they are applied also where they cause a lot more. Rental control caused no trouble so long as it could be evaded by selling the property to the new tenant instead of merely leasing it to him: the owner could lend him the money with which to buy it, and all was comfortable except for the old tenant. But so many old tenants got dispossessed this way that the tenant's right of possession had to be extended to cover a year from the date of sale, and this immediately created conditions of grave hardship for property owners engaged in legitimate transactions, giving the tenant a lever by which he could hold up a sale whether he really needed the premises or not.

It seems to be a chief ground of complaint that the real estate interests were not consulted by the control authorities; but the answer to that is that to consult them would unquestionably have caused a flood of anticipatory selling before the contemplated regulation could be put into effect. A more valid ground would be the failure of the authorities to make any provision for exemption from the regulation in cases where no hardship exists for the dispossessed tenant. There are plenty of places where such a tenant can find new premises just as easily as before the war, and needs no twelve-months lien on those which he occupies. A tribunal which could grant a clearance in such cases after hearing the claims of the tenant and the purchaser would greatly alleviate the situation. There are already tribunals which hear applications for an increase of rental in special cases where it is claimed to be unreasonably low.

THE PASSING SHOW

WONDER what the trade unions would say if a Minister of Labor were dismissed on the demand of a couple of associations of employers.

•

Vancouver has been voting on the question whether to have one-man cars. All that we want is a few one-empty-seat cars.

•

The Listening Bug

Ah, once she washed each Monday morn,
But now the time she cannot spare.
Soap operas and other "corn"
Are on the air.

•

The Israelites made bricks without proper material and complained. The radio war commentators are similarly handicapped, but they sound perfectly cheerful.

•

Everybody is hoarding except us. We are merely exercising ordinary prudence.

•

For the New Year

Have we made a bold New Year resolve?
No; rather expressed a mild hope
That whatever events may devolve,
Whether small or imposing in scope,
We'll be calm as an oyster, and cope
With each trouble as it may arise,
And be wise.

And for ills in the offing which seem
As frightful as ogres and witches,
Such as oftenwhiles come in a dream
Of harpies half-hidden in ditches
All knitting and counting their stitches—
Such ills we'll neglect till they're here,
And come clear.

•

The beverage report by Mackenzie King got a better press in Canada than the Beveridge Report by Beveridge. But both have a sobering effect.

•

Morale is difficult to define, but easy to exemplify. It is what led a Canadian private to write, after an inspection of his unit by General Smuts: "If he ever saw anything better I'm a cock-eyed tomcat."

•

Job for the Censor

No longer the Canadian press can print the liquor ad.
It stimulated too much thirst and made the Drys too mad.
But what about the snappy ones that always can be seen
As they come across the border in the U.S. magazine?

NICK

•

Somebody in England has endowed a Foundation whose first job is to explain Canada to the British flyers now in this country. It's a splendid idea, because after it has been explained to them they will be able to explain it to us.

•

All of France is now occupied, but we fancy not gainfully.

•

Glancing Into the Past

Said an apple-cheeked farmer we know,
"My mother, in days long ago,
Churned every day
Sent the butter away
And sold it for groceries, clothing or shoes
Or other small treasures the fam'ly could use.
We hadn't much money,
So we covered our bread with beef-dripping or honey,
I smile at these people with nerves all a-flutter
Because they imagine they've *got* to have butter.
As a boy I was healthy enough
With no trace of the stuff."

•

It is suggested that feeding the prisoners of war in Canada has something to do with the shortages of foodstuffs. We have Huns instead of butter.

•

You people in the rest of Canada don't know how relieved we people in Ontario are. The Winnipeg Convention left us *both* George Drew and Mitch Hepburn!

•

Winnipeg Version

Now every boy and every gal
That's born into this land alive
Is either a Hepburn Liberal
Or else a Mackenzie King Liberal
Or else a Progressive Conservative
(Unless he happens to be C.C.F.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The French Admirals

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

DR. FRANZ KLEIN'S challenging article in your December 5 issue should serve as a useful counterblast to prevailing opinion. However, to make his romantic conspiracy complete, General de Gaulle ought also to be in the plot.

The melancholy phenomenon of "Vichy" was primarily the product of disaster and despair in the souls of aged warriors not enamored of the ultra-democratic and equalitarian Republic. They hoped only to save France from the Hitlerian wrath which had annihilated Poland. But secondarily Vichy contained an element of resentment against Britain and the Anglo-Saxon world which had consistently sought to weaken and disarm France, in spite of the protests and prophetic warnings of Churchill and of others.

For reasons of space, I shall speak only of the Admirals. One has only to read Viscount Gort's despatches, with their account of his interview with Admiral Abrial at Dunkirk, to understand why Abrial straightway accepted the Vichy policy.

As for Darlan, he was not congenitally anti-British, but he had grievances against Britain because of her opposition to a strong French fleet, and because he considered himself snubbed on various occasions, as, for example, when, early in 1937, he secretly begged the Admiralty for joint action to save Spain from Italian and German control. He was told shortly that his job was to keep Bolshevik Russia away from Spain's Mediterranean Coast. After Hitler's occupation of Prague in March, 1939, London urged Paris to accelerate naval production, and cordial collaboration was re-established. In February, 1940, Darlan assured an intimate friend of mine that his relations with his British colleagues were thoroughly satisfactory. After Dunkirk, A. V. Alexander bore witness to "the glorious co-operation of the two navies." After the tragic débâcle, Darlan lost hope, and participated in the surrender as the lesser evil; he certainly did not believe the Americans would ever come. He became violently anti-British only on receiving news of the heart-rending tragedy of Oran, July 3, 1940. (After "Toulon" we can hardly pretend that the ships at Oran would have been handed over to the Axis.) Darlan exclaimed bitterly that England had "used France as a plaything." There followed two years of "collaborationism" marked by certain foolish speeches. Nevertheless, in essence Darlan is not anti-British, much less anti-American. He is pro-French and pro-Darlan. With the return of hope, he would be willing to bury his grievances.

Even General de Gaulle had grievances in 1940. His greatness consisted in rising above them. It would be infamous to let him down now.

S. MACK EASTMAN.
University of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Eastman, who from 1925 to 1940 was head of a section of the International Labor Organization with offices at Geneva, is one of the best informed of Canadians on the European personalities of the time. The only item in his letter that we feel disposed to question is the argument that the Oran ships would not have been handed over to the Axis. The difference between Oran and Toulon is immeasurable. In 1940 the French, not unreasonably, had no hope; in 1942 they have.—Ed.

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ROBERT HAMILTON HADDOW —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

The Man From Near Glasgow

BY COROLYN COX

ROBERT HAMILTON HADDOW has rung up another "first" for Canada. Character, not coincidence, enabled him to take the lead on the continent in the field of industry by establishing the first Labor-Management-Production Committees. It was a long time afterward — as wartime goes,—that Donald Nelson proposed the same measure as a stimulant to production in the United States, and indeed the unquestionable success of the venture up here is supposed to have influenced his decision in the matter.

Haddow is Grand Lodge Representative of the International Association of Machinists. In other words, he is the business representative of the vast machinists' union that flourishes on both sides of the border and is part of the A.F. of L. group. He is also Secretary of the Quebec War Labor Organizing Committee.

To those excited by a phobia toward organized groups of working men, the down-to-earth common sense and British solidarity of Organizer Bob Haddow proves a disturbing discovery.

Bob is a Scot, born of men who have been machinists for generations back to the days of the wooden lathe. He was reared in the small town of Coatbridge, near Glasgow. In this iron and steel community, with its coal mines and big engineering projects, Haddow lived in comfortable circumstances, had a good common school education, followed by two years in what they called the "higher grade", something similar to our technical schools, and designed to turn out good machinists.

As did his three brothers, Bob became apprenticed to the machinist trade, in the great Beardmore Co., builders of steam and diesel engines and other types of machinery. He took five years of it, and when he left that firm at the age of 20 was a soundly trained, skilled mechanic.

All the men of the family were trade union men, as a matter of course. His father never made political affiliations, but all four brothers studied the socialist movement, became members of the Independent Labor Party. These were the days of some of the greatest labor battles that ever took place on the Clyde. It didn't seem to Haddow quite British to be anything but a union man, he says. He became chairman of the local branch of Jack Tanner's machinists' union.

By 1923 Bob was ready to follow his natural bent—to strike out and see the world, that burning necessity in Scottish blood that is responsible for the joys and sorrows that compose so much of Canada. He had saved up enough to cross the Atlantic and began his Canadian career in Windsor, Ont. He was delighted with everything, specially the country.

His first job was with Canadian Bridge Co. as machine operator. Then he cast his eye across the river to greener fields, went to work for Gar Wood in Detroit. Wages for men were quite good at that time. Haddow liked the U.S., wonders even now why he ever left.

Haddow returned to the Old Country for two years when his mother was seriously ill, worked on a big hydro development in north-west Scotland, in a shop full of union men, but in a small mountain village without a local union. Canada, however, still looked his land of opportunity, and by 1928 he was back again, working for the Foundation Co. of Canada in Liverpool, N.S. He was steady, saved his pay, was able inside two years to go back to London and marry the lass he left behind, brought her out to settle with him in Montreal, where he took a job with Dominion Engineering Co.

In the depression he was kept on part time for part pay when only the best men were kept at all. He joined the Canadian Machinists' Union, tried to organize the shop, but after success, failed.

Came 1939. Haddow was offered and accepted his present post as Grand Lodge Representative of the Machinists' union. What this meant was that from the moment prior to the outbreak of war when we first realized that we must expand our aircraft production, Haddow embarked upon the job of organizing the aircraft industry, lived with it through its expansion from a handful of men to its fifty-thousand odd workers of today, built up the biggest and strongest union in Canada. He pulled together the entire aircraft industry of the Montreal district. It is probably fair to say that he is personally responsible for a big share of Canada's success in bringing her aircraft production up to today's creditable total.

Haddow's personal conviction is that to the extent to which you improve economic conditions of the people of Quebec province, to that extent you establish equality incentive to all-out war effort. He has more French than English-speaking members of his union. Unions, he feels, are the best builders of national unity. There is no distinction of sex, age, religion, color or nationality. All are brought into one unit, given a common task to do.

Production Step-up

The aircraft unions are proud that through their efforts the first union-management committees of the kind on the North American continent were brought into being. Today they are hailed as the great success they are by management, labor and government both sides of the line. Congratulations have rolled in from all sides on the consequent step-up in aircraft production. Men work best, says Bob, when they share responsibility.

Establishment of these committees came about when at the instigation of Bob Haddow the aircraft manufacturers of Montreal, the union and Ralph P. Bell, Director of Aircraft Production, Department of Munitions and Supply, gathered in a joint conference. Mr. Bell may also take a bow, for courage, and progressive initiative.

Last spring the War Labor Organization Production Committee was set up, with Haddow as its secretary, to do the same for all industries of the province as had been accomplished in aircraft, and to set up decent working conditions for the laborer of Quebec. Tens of thousands of men rolled in, mostly French Canadians, and from pretty big plants. A degree of co-operation was attained with the more important managements that puts them in a fair way to establish the kind of relations that result in a bigger and better war effort.

Bob Haddow advocates "socialist democracy", in contrast to "capitalist democracy". In the capitalist democracy, he explains, property is sacred and laws are designed peculiarly for its protection. In socialist democracy, on the other hand, human life is sacred and the laws are designed peculiarly for the protection of living standards for the whole people.

Haddow studied political economy and industrial history in the Scottish Labor College under the famous John McLean. He believes that strong unions are built only on the basis of struggle. Though ready to cooperate with the government in anything that will strengthen the war effort, he is not a follower of any of the "old line" parties, and firmly believes in independent political action and organization for the working people.

Now he contends that if we are fighting for democracy we must extend democracy, not curtail it, and let our workers achieve partnership with management and government, as has been done in Great Britain. Every Board, every Commission set up should have its labor representation. Yet of 22 companies, he points out, set up by government, and some 120 people on Boards and Commissions, only three labor men participate.

We must, thinks Haddow, plan our industrial system, guide it, not become its victims.

Peace on Earth Good-will to Men

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

—Longfellow
"Christmas Bells"

Seasons Greetings & Best Wishes for the New Year

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Germany's Manpower Shortage Now Desperate

BY HENRY P. OSLAND

Since Germany had no reserve of unemployed at the start of the war, the heavy demands for manpower since then have made this Germany's most serious and pressing war problem.

Germany has gone further than Britain or Canada in concentrating production to economize on manpower, and in 1942 launched a new concentration drive under a Labor Dictator. On its success or failure largely depends the answer to the question of how long Hitler can hold out.

This article is based on original German sources, and 80 per cent of the facts and figures have not previously been published outside Germany.

GERMANY already faced at the outbreak of the war the manpower problem which Canada is facing now: unemployment had completely disappeared, whilst the armed forces and war production claimed additional men. Greater Germany had, in the middle of 1939, 24.5 million employed and about 4 million men in the services out of a population of 79 million. In July 1942, out of a population which in the meantime (through territorial incorporations) had increased to 92 million, Germany was estimated to have almost 16 million in the services; the number of employed, after a considerable temporary decline, had again reached 24.1 million. Deducting the increase in population, Germany has found between 8 and 9 million additional hands. According to the Nazi sources, somewhat more than 2 million were recruited from foreign countries, the remaining 6 to 7 million resulted from stretching utilization of her own reserves to the utmost. (1)

Recruitment of labor, which meant that every worker could be required, by decision of the Employment Offices, to do any work anywhere, was introduced several months before the war. In itself it did not bring many additional hands. Put labor came from the extension of this measure to tradesmen and independent artisans who were forced to close down their business and to engage in war essential production. This process was called concentration.

(1) The 2 to 3 million prisoners of war who were put to civilian work are not included in any of the above figures.

Concentration

A first step in this direction, saving manpower for essential production although not increasing the total of employed, was standardization and rationalization by merger of industries. Thousands of trade marks were abolished; some 160 trade marks for soap were reduced to 26, 400 trade marks for tinned meats were reduced to 36. Production was transferred into factories with greater mechanization, especially those where a conveyor belt system allowed the greater employment of women.

The procedure of concentration was not the same in industrial, commercial and handicraft enterprises. There was, however, always a way to establish, by means of detailed question forms, the average daily productivity of the worker in all the establishments of the same branch of enterprise; as a general rule, those enterprises where the daily per capita efficiency was below two-thirds of the fixed average had to close down.

In the retail trade the aim of the Nazi program was to cut out about half of the food shops throughout the Reich; this aim seems to have been achieved for the wholesale butter trade, where out of 3,000 dealers 1,500 were closed down. No complete statistics are available, but partial figures are quite revealing: thus it is asserted that during the year 1940 in Berlin alone 8,400 retail shops out of 62,000 were closed down.

Equalization Payments

For artisans such as tailors, barbers, shoemakers, mechanics, electricians, the procedure for concentration was to establish an average "ratio of wages to turnovers." For medium size tailor workshops the "ideal ratio" set was that 1 R.M. spent on wages should correspond to a turnover of not less than R.M. 3.50. Establishments which fell considerably short of those rules had to close down; owner and journeymen were recruited either to do work in other more efficient workshops of their branches or in munition factories.

The Employment Offices are taking charge of personal "equalization payments" when the wage income of the closed down owner is below his former net income.

Charges for the physical maintenance of premises closed down fall primarily upon the enterprise which is taking over the owner or his machinery, stocks, journeymen, clients, etc. As to rent, which generally represents the biggest liability, public funds may contribute up to 80% of the total amount until a new tenant is found. Funds to be raised by the economic groups themselves are supposed to meet deficiencies not covered by the above mentioned procedures. This institution of compensation payments by the remaining business men to those closed down did not work out too well, it led to quarrels among the partners and the application of "community help" now seems to be more and more confined to the great industrial organizations.

Director of Manpower

The Nazis, in the first three years of war, thus saved between 6 and 7 million hands from their own man-and-woman-power reserve. These measures, however drastic, did not meet the increasing combined demands of the armed forces, the war industries and the administrations of the occupied countries (which comprise, in the East alone, a territory nearly three times as large as Germany herself). More and more the shortage of manpower overshadowed all the other difficulties and became clearly problem No. 1 of the Nazi war economy.

Last Spring the mobilization plans for Hitler's Russian Summer offensive produced an acute crisis. Additional workers had to be "combed out" from operating establishments, additional firms had to be closed down. Conflicts arose between the military and civilian departments, with Provincial authorities defending local economic interests when mass transfers of labor from one district to another were decreed. The authority of the Ministry of Labor, principally responsible for the management of manpower, was no longer sufficient to settle the struggle between the different government agencies. Within two months two successive Deputy Ministers of the Ministry of Labor resigned.

In this critical situation, Hitler nominated in March 1942, one of the prominent Nazi Party Leaders, Gauleiter Sauckel, as Director of Manpower with dictatorial authority. The "Labor Dictator" assumed in his field the same supreme powers which Goering exercises in the economic field as President of the "Defence Council" and "Plenipotentiary of the Four Year Plan." He directs immediately all the Ministers and their Departments, the Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, and the Governor-Generals of the occupied territories. In the administrative hierarchy Sauckel took over the Department of "Manpower Planning" of the "Office of the Four Year Plan" and the machinery of the Departments III (Wages) and V (Unemployment and Manpower Ruling) of the Ministry of Labor—from which Departments the regional Employment Offices depend.

The "Labor Dictator" decrees by means of "urgency lists" (the degrees of urgency expressed in percentage figures within the different groups): a) which groups of enterprises must be allocated labor; b) which groups have no right to additional labor but are permitted to keep the ones they have; c) which groups must give up hands, without being forced to close down automatically; d) which groups have to close down. In keeping with these general lists the Employment Offices fix the percentage-degree to which single factories and enterprises of the district are or are not "war-essential," and allocate labor, "comb out" or close down accordingly.

Desperate Shortage

The following sidelights—of more or less recent date—may illustrate the hopeless struggle of the Nazi administration to deal with the manpower situation:

All retired employees under 70 years have to register for work with the Employment Offices; they are put to work in "old men corners" with easier working conditions and pay below tariff rates.—No employer is allocated labor by the Employment Offices unless he proves that his wife and children are working in the establishment.—Housewives are encouraged to engage in part-time jobs by the granting of shopping priorities. In certain industrial areas nobody can be served in the early mornings or after five o'clock without shopping tickets.—42,000 additional civil servants with academic degrees are stated to be urgently needed for the policing and administering of the occupied territories in the East.

The customers' normal waiting time in the watchmakers' trade, is over six months. To meet an analogous situation in the tailors' trade, strict orders were issued that no work on new material can be accepted before the overdue repair work was done. In the larger centres "equalization workshops" for repairs were introduced, where the tailors and their journeymen are forced in turn to do repair work under the supervision of the authorities, uniforms and workers' clothing enjoying priority.

A decree of March 27, 1942, signed by Goering, introduced the death penalty for false declarations of employers concerning their manpower needs.

Many Reforms

Many reforms have accompanied and followed the nomination of the Labor Dictator. Sauckel made the issue of manpower policy a question of Party prestige by charging the party district leaders with the direct responsibility of the regional management of the labor situation. The offices of the Nazi Trade Unions —the "German Labor Front"—were ordered to assist in the planning and execution of the newest manpower saving drive.

Huge super trusts were organized in the coal, iron, chemical and textile fibres, glass and other production branches, as the newest form of industrial concentration.

Serious attempts are made to stem the terrific growth of the central bureaucracy in order to save administrators for the reconstruction of the conquered Eastern territories: thus, administrative decentralization became, all of a sudden, a Nazi slogan in 1942.

It is as yet too soon to pass judgment as to the result of the latest concentration drive. On its success or its failure, more than from any other single factor, will depend how long Hitler may still hold out, that is, how long Germany will be able to replace the tremendous losses at the front without depleting her essential production. There is no doubt: the "miracles" of the last three years cannot be repeated. The reserves are near exhaustion.

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VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

Tripoli a Key-Point in North Africa Campaign

The capture of Tripoli by Montgomery's army will revolutionize possibilities in the Mediterranean. Sicily will be open to Allied attack and Italy's mainland will be within range of our bomber forces.

An ancient Roman stronghold, Tripoli was taken from Turkey in 1911 and developed by Italy to be the heart of her North Africa colonies.

BY DAVID ENGLAND

BRITISH officers who know the country well have always declared that, once the Axis armour was destroyed, it would be pretty easy to get into a car and ride the whole way to Tripoli without meeting with much opposition.

The Eighth Army appears to have done a great deal towards accomplishing this, and British military strategists admit that the Allies will not be able to control the vital middle stretch of the Mediterranean until the Fascists are turned out of that port. The capture of Tripoli will revolutionize possibilities in the Mediterranean. It has been said that although the war must be won in the Atlantic it can be lost in the Middle Sea. With Tripoli in our hands, Malta, heroic George Cross island, will be practically free from the fear of concentrated assault; Sicily will lie open to invasion; the mainland of Italy will lie within range of the Allies' ever-growing bomber forces.

Tripoli, chief Axis inlet for the Italian colonies of the African littoral, is situated in a very fertile and beautiful oasis, and its population is around 100,000. It has a valuable harbor, sheltered from the north wind by the crescent shaped bay. The aspect from the sea is very picturesque, because the houses rise in terraces from the seashore. The city dates back to Roman times, and there are many remains of the Old World empire. Desert almost touches the city to the west, but to the east lies the main part of the oasis, with about a million trees.

A Dream of Empire

Running eastwards is what is perhaps the most impressive witness to Fascist rule and ambitions in North Africa. This is the 1,000-mile military road running from Tunisia to the Egyptian border. It was built as one of the military aids which were to forward the Duce's grandiose plans.

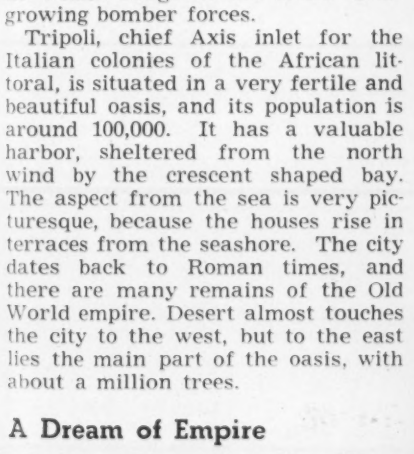
Italian colonists in North Africa in pre-war days were spoon-fed with the idea of resuscitating Roman greatness. Even the Turkish baths—and there is still a flourishing Turkish quarter in Tripoli, with numerous mosques—have been relabelled "Terme Romane." It was in 1911 that Italy began her career of aggression, intensified under the Fascists. In the November of that year she declared war on Turkey, and occupied both Tripolitania and Cyrenaica.

After the last war Italy began a big program of public works in her new territories, but, unfortunately, this was accompanied by a so-called "pacification" which forms a shameful chapter in the imperial expansion of the country. Under the Fascists, in particular, the natives have been brutally driven from the more fertile coastlands to the outer desert, where grazing is sparse and the water supply extremely limited.

During the years immediately preceding the present war there was ample evidence that the Fascists had more than agricultural development in mind in North Africa. From Tripoli right away to Bardia the coast was put in a state of preparedness for war. Large military buildings were erected in Tripoli, a great supply base was established, and landing grounds laid out. The ports along the lengthy coastline were improved as lairs for submarines and E-boats, and a series of aerodromes was constructed. Benghazi and Tobruk were especially important in this respect. The military road, opened with pomp and ceremony by Mussolini himself, served as a vital feeder-line to the aerodromes.

Several reasons lay behind Italy's seizure of these African colonies from Turkey. One was in order to obtain an area of colonization, and secondly she hoped to re-establish Libya as the granary it was in Roman times. Then Libya was much more fertile than now. Beds of large rivers that watered the land are now dry and medieval travellers speak of forests. It is believed much of this old-time fertility could be restored by irrigaton. Third, and most important reason was the Italians wanted to hold the African shore facing Sicily. As four-fifths of Italian trade is seaborne, she wanted to exercise control over the central Mediterranean. Then it was that the Duce overstepped the mark, his vanity and ambition leading him to boast about driving Britain out of the Middle Sea, and even conquering Egypt and the Holy Land. The occupation of Abyssinia was but a step toward this objective.

Well, not so long back he was getting ready to enter Alexandria in triumph. Now his "Roman legions" have gone with the wind.



Add works of Epstein: this time it is a bust of Lalage Lewis, 22-year-old London actress also shown here.

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AFTER THE WAR

The Post-War and Government Planning -- II

BY MAXWELL COHEN

ALL the broad problems of social control, political action, public spending and private investment, constitutional reform and international trade that Canada will face immediately at the end of the war are supplemented, of course, by many narrower collateral issues of almost equal importance and difficulty. For example, how much price control is Canada likely to have or to need at war's end? The two conditions that have made price control and the price ceiling in Canada necessary were the huge increases in purchasing power and the resultant ability of Canadians to buy more goods and services, while at the very same time there was a need to lessen that consumption in order to shift over labor, plant and materials to the production of war supplies; and that need to "shift-over" led more and more to a decline in the amount of available consumer goods in many lines, such as radios, cars, household equipment, etc.

More Buyers, Less Goods

All of this led to a competitive demand among *more purchasers* for *less goods*. Thus there were two types of competitive conditions developing swiftly in Canada in 1941 and driving the cost of living up sharply between March and October of that year; there was the competition between government and consumers for the same plants, labor, raw materials and there was the competition among consumers for a declining volume of available goods and services, the stoves, the woollens, the furniture and the canned groceries.

At war's end the total wage bill and general purchasing power of the Canadian people may well be higher than at any time in Canadian history. There may be found perhaps a national income in excess of $8,000,000,000 or $9,000,000,000 compared with $4,800,000,000 in 1941. At the same time, as Canada's war effort comes closer to the outer edges of "total war," sharp shortages in all types of consumer goods will be a commonplace. Yet because every Canadian will have a job of some kind the situation, when peace comes, may very well present a huge national income, and thus a huge national buying power, — not all of which power is drained off by taxation, war loans or war savings—when at the same time there are real scarcities in scores of consumer goods items, clothes, fuel, luxuries, household supplies.

Clearly under these conditions it would be dangerous to release all price controls. So it may be desirable for Government to exercise a general price control even after the peace begins, releasing these controls, however, in individual cases, *one by one*, where the supply problem has been restored to relatively "normal" conditions, until a kind of balance is established between national income and the production of consumer goods.

Capital Movements

In foreign exchange control, for instance, much Canadian thinking now appears to run along these lines: It is reasonably clear that so long as the world's money markets are disturbed, together with uncertainty in Canada's export markets, sharply varying balances of trade between Canada and, say the United States, the frozen character of Canadian sterling credits, and the dependence of Canada on the United States industrial supplies, so long as all of these are part of the daily experience of Canadian business life, some government machinery will have to be maintained after the war's end to control most, if not all, capital movements to and from Canada, and in particular, to regulate, for a time, the use of Canada's supply of United States dollars. It would seem highly probable, therefore, that foreign exchange regulations—now operating for the war—will remain for a short period, in the period of post-war adjustment, even though substantial changes might be necessary to meet the new objectives of peace-time when Canada and the rest of the world will be trying to revive international trade and investment.

Wages and Labor

Then, too, predictions already are being made about labor and wages when peace comes to Canada. Undoubtedly Canadian employers will be tempted to cut wages and "lay off" employees, once war orders are a thing of the past, and the atmosphere of wartime pressures is over, and that temptation will be a natural and almost irresistible one. But if that temptation is yielded to it quickly would create a state of deep unrest in labor. Hence that temptation will have to be thwarted by the detailed preparation beforehand, both by industry itself and by the government, of schemes to handle transitional unemployment and to avoid any wholesale termination of war production. Indeed, war production may have to be tapered off slowly, even if to do so may mean that Canada will continue to produce planes, tanks and other war supplies, for which there is no immediate military demand. Yet a certain amount of transitional unemployment is bound to take place and here a very much widened Unemployment Insurance Scheme will have to be prepared to take care of that "slack" for the re-adjustment period.

Yet if, despite all measures, an early post-war depression hits Canada, then a deflationary and unemployment period doubtless will set in, with wages and hours of available work both declining sharply. But any such deflationary movement which remains unchecked by Government will cause, without doubt, great labor unrest and a possible mass labor protest now made potentially more vigorous through the increased power of widening trade union movement in the Dominion, that is being strengthened by the war, with the recruiting of thousands of new and skilled workers and the training of scores of new labor leaders.

Moreover, there is at present no federal legislation in Canada that provides a legal basis for compelling union recognition and collective bargaining. Some such machinery may well have to be introduced if the many industrial tensions in the transition period are to be successfully overcome, for Canadian industrial experience suggests strongly the need to give labor the power to organize and to deal collectively with employers.

"Full" Employment

But fundamentally any solution to Canada's labor problem after the war must depend upon how completely the Dominion is able to release the productive forces of the nation to give "full" employment for the peace. This raises, of course, that basic question of a program of public and private investment aimed at creating the most diversified opportunities for the achievement of "full" peace-time employment. Public works, on the most imaginative basis, the refashioning of war industries for peace production, the stimulating of the useful parts of Canada's historic foreign trade, all, together, undoubtedly will require the planning and the inspiration of the best minds of Government and of business.

In agriculture Canada may expect great changes. The shift, on many farms, from cereal production, particularly wheat, to meats, bacon, cheese, vegetables, soya beans, sugar beets, etc., for war purposes, is one of the most significant developments in Canadian agriculture today. Doubtless that development should help to solve, in part, the long-time lack of balance in the Canadian agricultural economy, particularly that of Western Manitoba, Saskatchewan and certain parts of Alberta, where prairie conditions permitted, during the last war, an artificially expanded wheat economy. By war's end it does not seem unlikely that Western Canada shall have had a minor revolution in the nature of her agricultural production, a revolution that will have taken its "eggs" out of the one basket of the wheat crop and distributed them over many crops and many yields.

What is likely to happen in Canada to the great and small industrial plants built by the Government for the war? Since July 1940 probably $800,000,000 of public funds have been poured into new plants, equipment, extensions, buildings, and improvements in order to provide the facilities to make scores of war supplies which either were never before made in Canada or were produced on a relatively small scale,—3.7 anti-aircraft, 25 pounders, range finders, fighters, bombers, tanks and many more. Those funds came from the British and Canadian governments, but for all practical purposes these advances now represent Canadian effort, resources and materials, since the British share has been in the form of frozen sterling credits, or at a later stage was absorbed in the Canadian "gift."

The effect of this huge program is to give the Canadian government and the Canadian people, through the Department of Munitions and Supply, control over vast quantities of machinery and equipment and over scores of new factory buildings. Up to the present time the planning of these plants from an architectural and engineering point of view, has not been carried on, very often at least, with any post-war uses in mind, and that shortcoming may be fatal to any plans to transform this great array of equipment for post-war uses to the common good. For these might be particularly useful to give employment to newly demobilized soldiers and others, until private industry itself reaches some kind of new peace-time level and is able to absorb on an increasing scale the available labor supply released by the peace. It is being proposed on many sides that some liaison should now be worked out between the various committees engaged on post-war problems and the Department of Munitions and Supply in order to encourage thought to be given to the use that these plants may be put to after their war purpose has been served.

Approach to the Future

With problems so varied and so challenging to be imagined even at this early date, it is not surprising, therefore, that many Canadians concerned with the post-war already are urging that the Government should look ahead to those difficult days of peace and try to guess at least part of its way, among the projected pitfalls of a readjustment period. What is important, of course, is not that detailed plans be laid now, but rather that the Government and the people of Canada must learn to develop an *approach* to the future that accepts the principle of thinking in terms of *some kind of plans*, however flexible, *instead of no plans whatever*.

The Reconstruction group in Canada takes the view—and indeed it is the only sensible view—that even at this time, a Canadian Government must be prepared to consider *at least in a general way* the kind of problems that will leap to challenge on the day of victory for the United Nations.

Unless some propaganda value is to be gained from it, chivalry or even elementary humane treatment toward defeated enemies is quite unknown to the Nazis. This is especially the case in Russian territory they have occupied, as evidenced by this picture of a crippled Red soldier in a German-held town. Helpless, with one foot amputated, he is left to become a beggar in the streets.

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Morale of the Canadian Army

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

IT SHOULD be stated at once that the morale of the Canadian Army in Britain is high. This is a fact, and not wishful thinking or rose-colored observation. I state this fact as a result of personal experience with the troops under all conditions which have obtained for our army in Britain. I have been with them during routine camp life, on leave in London, and on exercises of a most strenuous character. I am convinced there is no prevailing problem of morale.

This is a mark of high quality for troops, some of whom are spending their fourth winter in Britain, many of whom are spending their third winter here. It should also be a tribute to the industry and ingenuity of the overseas commanders. They have kept the men on their toes by impressing upon them the importance of mastering new weapons and tactics and by making training schemes something more interesting than physical training, parade ground drill and routine field manoeuvres.

The overseas commanders have tackled, thus far successfully, the most acute problems of morale ever to confront a modern force. There is no previous record of a volunteer army recruited largely out of civilian life which has had to remain militarily static for three years 3,000 miles from home.

WE MUST, however, look to the future. Morale is a volatile quality. It cannot be maintained, like inoculation, by scientific jabbing of the arm. It is a very human thing. It has to do with emotion and sentiment.

For our overseas commanders, morale is a continuing problem. Its complexities expand with each passing day the army is not in action. Ennui and loss of esprit de corps tend to compound as time moves evenly and inexorably. The task of maintaining morale during this fourth winter is four or more times greater than during the first winter.

The problem has been further complicated by events of the last twelve months. The Allies have grasped the initiative and are meeting the enemy on many fronts; that is, all the Allies except the Canadian army. The arrival of the Americans and the quick funnelling of their forces into the fighting fronts have aggravated the problem far beyond what it was when we were all waiting.

It is therefore clearly seen that our overseas commanders cannot rest on the laurels of past years in the solution of the morale problem. Nor can they remain content that the present morale situation is very satisfactory. During the next few weeks (or months, depending on when we make our move) the industry and ingenuity of our military leaders will be tested with unprecedented severity if the army's morale is to remain as high as it is today.

THE Canadian people, I think should be made aware of the problem because they can do much to help keep morale at its peak until zero hour arrives for our army.

It is important, for instance, to maintain at the flood tide within the Canadian soldier that pride of patriotism he felt when he marched away to the wars two or three years ago. He was carried along then by the enthusiasm of his home community. He felt that a tiny part of Canada's heart went with him as he crossed the ocean and that it would remain with him as he fought the battles and helped win the war.

Well, he has been here two or three years and he probably hasn't fought any battles nor has he, as far as he knows, begun to help win the war. If there is one thing that gnaws at his subconscious, it is the fear that they have forgotten about him back home. Not his mother or wife or sweetheart. He knows they still think constantly about him because he hears from them regularly; they're true blue. But the community pride which once inspired him and made him chesty—does that still exist? Or is he a member of a forgotten army hidden away in Britain while back in Canada they read and rejoice about the exploits of the Americans, the British, the Russians, Australians and South Africans?

Is he a laughing stock back home? Is he regarded there, as he himself kids his buddies, a member of the county constabulary in the English countryside? In view of the pitiful glory he has gained in uniform, was he smart in joining up? Or was his friend smart by staying at home and continuing at the shop?

THIS is silly, you say. Of course the Canadian soldier overseas has never lost the place of honor he gained by putting on a uniform. It is ridiculous even to imagine the Canadian soldier will be laughed at by his countrymen.

Nevertheless the Canadian soldier thinks about these things. He has long evenings filled with time to think. And he is highly sensitive about his inaction.

The finest Christmas present he could get while he waits through his third or fourth English winter is solid evidence that his home community has not forgotten about him, that he is still remembered as the man who has offered his life so that freedom may live.

THE whole problem of morale may disappear tomorrow, next week or next month—whenever the Canadians go into action. Our nation is healthy and it will be fired with healthy enthusiasm for our troops going into battle. The Canadian soldier is eager for that day because he knows how ready he is and that he will make Canada proud of him at the showdown.

But the current problem of the overseas commanders is to keep morale high between now and that fateful day. They are doing their best (and doing exceedingly well) to keep the men keyed up so that the zero hour will find them at the peak of inspiration and physical prowess.

As we approach close to the zero hour, the larger Canadian community at home can do much to help. The pride and confidence and gratitude of the people back home should be made brightly clear to the men overseas. The troops should know how greatly appreciated is their ordeal of waiting and training, in some ways a tougher ordeal than fighting and dying.

There is no doubt that our men will meet their zero hour like superb soldiers. If they can add to their military prowess that inspiration which comes with a fresh knowledge of their country's pride in them, how much greater will be their effort and achievement!

The Bells of Alamein

"Since we rang the bells for Alamein the good cause has prospered."
—Mr. Churchill, on Sunday, November 29.

I HEARD those bells across the sea,
And, like an old refrain,
Came back those boyhood days to me,
Sweet Sabbaths of tranquillity
Along a country lane.

Their mellow chiming filled the air
At morn and eventide,
As reverent to the house of prayer
The people bore their grief and care
And put the world aside.

I heard those bells across the sea
And they brought back again
Those far-off days of peace to me,
With promises of peace to be—
The bells of Alamein.

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.

This year, give War Savings Stamps and Certificates for Christmas! Each one helps to buy and for our soldiers, sailors and airmen ...each one is a blast to the hopes of Mussolini and Shicklegruber

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THE HITLER WAR

We Have Put Our 1917 Behind Us

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WHEN I was getting acquainted with Europe with bicycle and camera some years ago I often used to remind myself: *"Rücksicht!"* This was a convenient German word for "take a look behind you as you go along", or you may miss some of the best views. Before that, in the few lessons in surveying which I had taken as a student in mechanical engineering, I had learned that to project a line straight ahead you had first to take a sight behind you.

I think that is basically true for any line of life, and certainly it applies to a war commentary. There is rarely a month that I don't go back through my file of the *New York Times* to check my general line of direction; and at the end of each year I feel the same compulsion to look back over the events which are behind us, as I do to look ahead at the beginning of the new year. From time to time it is profitable to look even further back, to the pattern of the last war.

Many Factors Altered

Comparisons between this war and the last have to be drawn cautiously and flexibly, as we learned in 1940 when we assumed that France and Britain could hold the Western Front because they did in the other war. Many important factors have altered. France began the war much weaker relative to Germany, and Russia much stronger. Both Italy and Japan, our allies in the last war, are against us in this one. And there is the great development of air power.

Nevertheless, there are more resemblances than differences in the grand pattern of the two wars. This one is faster-moving, and broader in scope. But having been started from the same geographical centre and been dominated up to now by the same military power, the factors of geography, strategy, control of the seas, industrial processes and national character have shown great persistence in holding it to the pattern of the last one. Leaving out the factors of industry and national character one can even cast back to the Napoleonic Wars for a fascinating parallel.

Nor has air power *yet* altered the course of this war as much as many people fancy. It has not yet been applied as an independent factor on a scale large enough to do this. There have been outstanding air successes such as the Battle of Crete and the blow at Pearl Harbor. But for the most part air power has been used as an adjunct of the land and sea forces by both sides.

The Germans tried to use it as an independent strategic arm to conquer Britain in 1940, but found they hadn't the proper planes, plans or training for the job. The R.A.F. has all of these, and has made a good beginning on the strategic bombing of Germany. But it has not yet brought the full weight of its attack to bear —partly because it has not yet been able to convince our generals and admirals that it can affect the outcome decisively, and during this past year has seen its big planes grabbed for ocean patrol and military transport, and dispersed in tactical groups with our armies all over the world.

Considered in retrospect the German break-through in France in 1940 was no faster or stronger than the 1914 drive to the Marne than one might have expected from the application of armor and motor transport. Yet with France knocked completely out—as she never needed to be, had not the defeatist mentality of the old marshals prevailed at Bordeaux —Hitler, like the Kaiser and Napoleon, still found himself with Britain to beat on the one side and Russia on the other. And in threatening British sea power he brought the United States in against him, just as the German leaders of 1917 had done.

Comparing 1942 and 1917

A comparison between 1942 and 1917 will also show many differences. The most obvious ones are that Russia, instead of fading out, is still in the struggle with all her might today, while the heavily-fortified trench lines in the West, along which the Anglo-French armies engaged the might of Germany in 1917, do not exist today. Yet the German armies *are* tied down today in Europe, just as they were in 1917. And with the broader scope of this war, the intervention of Japan has upset our war plan as much in 1942 as the collapse of Russia did in 1917.

As at the end of 1917, so is Germany today sprawled across Europe, with her best chance of victory behind her and her best strength spent. Britain and the United States, having completed the three-year process of changing over to war production, which mass production technique imposes today as it did in the last war, still have the best blows to strike. But their production will not reach peak until next year; and the speed of the convoys which have to bring this strength to bear at the desired spots is no greater than in the last war.

The final strong point of resemblance is in the U-boat war against our shipping, an effort on which Germany had counted once again to prevent us from bringing our great potential strength to bear, and which once again seems to have reached its peak and begun to decline in the third year of war.

Came Through '42 Well

Can anyone, looking back to the situation of last January, and with the recently added knowledge that almost all of the battleships of the American Pacific Fleet were out of commission at that time, believe that we have not come through this year surprisingly well? Japan gained Singapore, the Netherlands Indies and most of our rubber, but missed the boat at Hawaii twice, was foiled at Ceylon, and held away from India, Australia and the key islands of the South-West Pacific.

Germany failed completely in her great plan for a double drive through Egypt and the Caucasus, to join forces with Japan in the Indian Ocean and cut us off from Russia. She failed equally in her other main objectives of destroying the power of the Red Army, on one side of her, and preventing the United States from bringing her forces into the field, on the other side. Her biggest success for the year appears, indeed, to have been the wearing down of her own great army and air force, while she has not been able to prevent the R.A.F. from dealing mighty blows to her war production centres and her home front morale.

For our part, our role was predicated from the beginning of the year as one of holding; holding the Japanese wave which rolled across the Pacific and into the Indian Ocean and then suddenly back towards Hawaii, and holding Germany out of the strategic Middle East until sufficient American force had been mobilized and transferred to Europe to carry the war onto the Continent.

This Hitler War

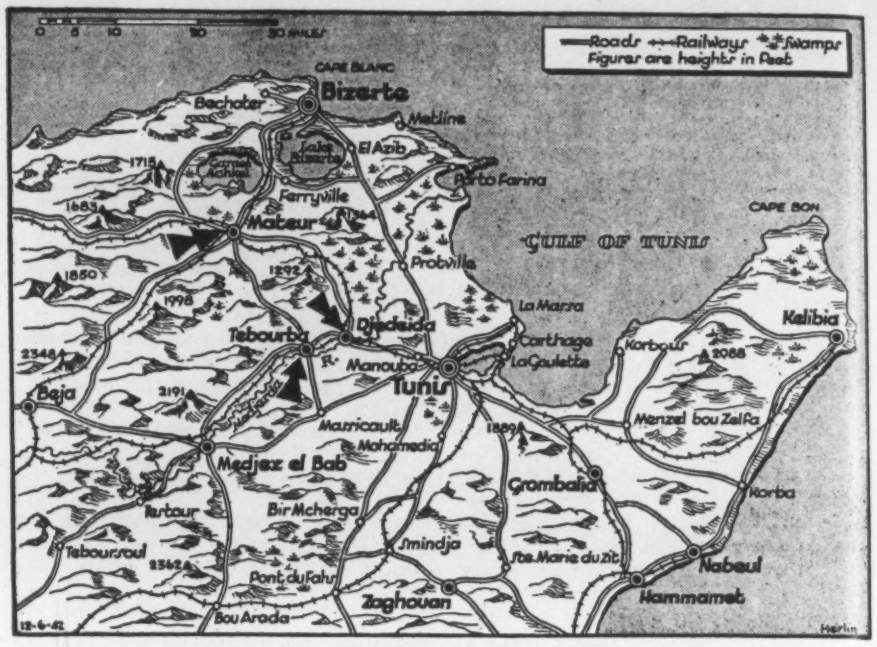
The great gamble in all this was whether Russia could hold out and remain a powerful factor in the war next year. This she has done, magnificently. The end of the year finds the tide flowing strongly in reverse in Russia, and Anglo-American armies building a jumping-off base in North Africa for the offensive year of 1943.

How well have these HITLER WAR articles succeeded in drawing a line through these great events? Were they worthy of the reader's confidence? Usually inclined to optimism when the air was full of pessimism, as at the time of the fall of Singapore, and inclined to caution when easy optimism spread abroad, such as the sudden wave of "Victory in '42" sentiment last June, they made a few slips. They did, however, assert at the very beginning that it was "too late now for Hitler to win more than temporary and too-costly successes, and spread out his forces so as to make them still more vulnerable to our counter-blow."

Though from the beginning I anticipated Hitler's main effort against the Middle East, in January and February I argued that his left pincer would be thrust through Turkey. I couldn't see Hitler "pouring another army and another vast store of materials into Russia's unconquerable spaces next summer." But Hitler, to his great misfortune, apparently didn't read that issue of THE HITLER WAR!

By March, however, I thought that "if Hitler makes a big Spring drive in Russia, it will be in the South", and later in the month wrote that "the one great blow which Hitler could strike at Russia would be seizure of her chief oil supply at Baku."

By mid-May this commentary had taken the line that Hitler's offensive would be directed towards Stalingrad and the lower Volga, then wheel southwards into the Caucasus. But "without underrating the immensity of the preparations which he must have made, I can't for the life of me see how he is to win . . . a really decisive victory over Russia this year." At the end of the month, after he had taken the Crimea, I conceded him only Rostov and the Maikop oil field. These were the only important objectives he succeeded in taking.



The Tunisian bridgehead towards which Rommel is running. Our first sweep reached the points indicated, but was just 48 hours too late to seize Tunis and Bizerta. Now this will take weeks of heavy fighting.

Russian Forecast

In the early part of July, when the Germans had pushed their left wing forward to Voronezh, it was suggested here that the Soviets would "wheel their armies back towards the Don Bend and Stalingrad, opening the door to the Caucasus, but remaining as a threat on the German flank." Four weeks before it began, I predicted that "the Battle of Stalingrad will be one of the most important, and ought to be one of the greatest of the whole Russo-German War."

"If the Germans can be held in front of Stalingrad and at the Caucasus Mountains," this article dated August 1st went on, "they will have achieved nothing decisive with their 1942 offensive, but spent a vast amount of energy and their whole margin of time, and spread themselves further across the map. Then the Russians could strike out with their best armies, backed by their best transport facilities, on the Central Front, probably much earlier than they did last year."

Still before the Battle of Stalingrad had begun, I said that "if the Germans wear themselves out there, as they did before Moscow last fall, then a great opportunity ought to lie within the grasp of the Red Army. I believe that its High Command has seen this all along." Published in August, these statements don't look too bad today.

There were a few deviations in my line on Russia which the above quotations do not suggest, but on the Second Front question THE HITLER WAR maintained an absolutely undeviating line all year. This subject also brought in the most reader mail. "Some Plain Talk About a Second Front", published at the beginning of October during the height of the Stalingrad crisis brought more letters than any other article I have ever written, and all approving. But a suggestion in an earlier issue that an American move into French North Africa, launched with strong propaganda accompaniment, would meet with very little French resistance, brought an angry letter denouncing me as a fool who hadn't learned from Norway, Dakar, Greece, etc.

Actually the advantages of a move into French North Africa over any other which we could make this year were set out in THE HITLER WAR at the identical moment in which the move was being decided upon by Churchill and Roosevelt, in Washington in mid-June. This was enlarged upon a fortnight later as "the move which we could best manage, which would really divert German forces and moreover pay for itself rapidly in the matter of shipping. It would force the Germans to occupy the rest of France, while maintaining their strength on the Channel against our invasion threat. They would also have to strengthen Italy and possibly move into Tunisia."

My argument on the Second Front question all summer long was that our armament wasn't ready, as shown by our defeat in Libya in June, nor were our commanders and men sufficiently experienced. They had to undertake some lesser ventures first. Britain had changed her whole strategy and production away from a continental policy in 1940 towards one of holding the seas and the Middle East and building up a great bombing power. She couldn't change back suddenly; and the shipping situation prevented the Americans from bringing a heavy weight to bear this year, even if they were ready.

The New Pattern

When Churchill went to Moscow I argued that if we were all ready to go with a second front he would be home tending to it, and not in Moscow talking about it. "He has gone to give a solemn undertaking as to the exact date—late this fall or early next spring — when Britain would launch a second front." Stalin's first letter to Cassidy was plainly a call to us to make good on that undertaking.

On Mr. Churchill's return I delineated in the September 5 issue "A Clearer Pattern of the War" with, (1) no major second front until next spring, (2) intensification of our bombing of Germany (September proved the heaviest month of all), and (3) heavy action in the Mediterranean.

When we opened our drive against Rommel at El Alamein I wrote (October 31) that it looked as if we planned this time "to occupy the entire southern Mediterranean shore as far as Gibraltar, then to develop an offensive which would take Italy out of the war and open up Germany's 'soft' side."

Next week I shall try to project the line into 1943. And now I would like to wish the readers of THE HITLER WAR, the many whom I meet here and there, and the many whom I never see, the happiest Christmas which our situation justifies, and a victorious New Year.

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J. ALDERIC RAYMOND
PRESIDENT

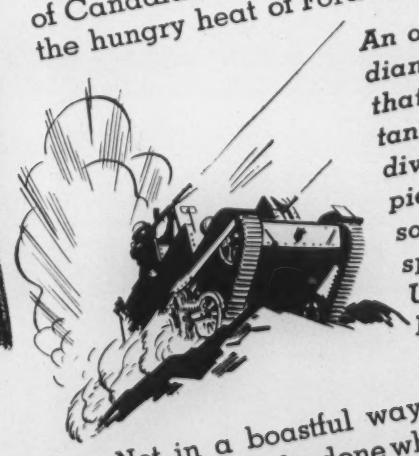
142

LET'S GET IN THE "SCRAP"

While fighting machines roll steadily along production lines on their way to war, skilled hands of Ford craftsmen are also busy on *another* important Canadian job: *Salvage!*

Scraps of paper, bent nails, metal shavings, tired tools are methodically, carefully saved and used again. A special crew of scientists constantly study new ways to make every scrap of material do *double* and *triple* duty. And when the dull green paint is sprayed on finished fighting machines—*even the paint mist* is salvaged to screen more fighting machines from enemy eyes!

Months ago, the 15-foot metal letters (see illustration) which spelled the company's name along 450 feet of Canadian riverfront were dismantled and fed into the hungry heat of Ford's melting furnaces.



An old bedstead from a Canadian attic may form the shell that stops a murderous Nazi tank or bites the heart out of a diving Hun plane. The bits and pieces swept up, picked up and sorted out by Ford workers speed into battle as rugged Universal Carriers and other Ford-built fighting machines for fighting men.

Not in a boastful way, but as a practical example of what can be done when *salvage* becomes a *fighting* word—we publish this report of the results achieved by the skill and co-operation of more than 15,000 Ford employees at this vital source of military vehicles for the United Nations.

"We people of Canada pride ourselves on being able to face the truth. Well, the truth of the situation on the industrial front is that every one of us must be a full-time fighter in the Battle of the Scrap! We must all get in the scrap—and now."

W. R. Campbell

A statement by Ford of Canada's President, Wallace R. Campbell

FORD MOTOR COMPANY MAKERS OF FORD V-8 AND MERCURY CARS, FORD TRUCKS **OF CANADA, LIMITED**

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

"Without Bracken They Had Nothing"

BY B. K. SANDWELL

TOO much went on at Winnipeg in too short a time. Even the ubiquitous newspaper men knew only about a third of it in time for their papers, and by the time they got to know the other two-thirds of yesterday's proceedings there was a fresh day's proceedings for them to know only one-third of. It was, they tell me, very much like reporting a battle in Libya. Only in Libya there is at least a headquarters staff which ought to know something; and at Winnipeg after the first day there was not even a headquarters staff.

In the beginning there was a Junta, and the Junta had arranged to put something through. In the end something had been put through, and it was what the Junta had arranged, in a sense. But the funny thing was that the Junta had not put it through. It sort of put itself through. Mr. Bracken is the leader of the party that the Convention turned the Conservative party into. Mr. Bracken is the man that Mr. Meighen had decided should be the leader. But Mr. Bracken is not the leader because Mr. Meighen had decided that he should be, not at all.

"ON THURSDAY evening," writes one who attended the Convention but not as a journalist, "we listened to fifteen speeches, the total effect of which was to send the audience stumbling out of the great auditorium muttering sadly or engaging in bitter mockery. One man stood on the steps of the auditorium and looked up at the sky. 'So that's why there's only one party in Canada,' he said; 'I hadn't thought it was that bad.'

"And it was bad. Mr. Stevens was the sincere but abandoned gentleman who had had a cause and lost it. Mr. Green was dignified and ineffective. Mr. Diefenbaker seemed like a spasmodic boy orator at a High School commencement. Mr. MacPherson, who had created expectation, slaughtered it with persistent efficiency; both his ideas and his phrases seemed sucked into obsolescence even as he voiced them.

"It was not until Friday that it began to be realized that Mr. Bracken had really managed to say something that evening. The picture of him as he stood in the glare of the camera spotlights somehow came back to memory; his uneasy beginnings and trailing sentences, his obvious distress, but also his firmness.

"He had said: 'If that agricultural plank were not in your platform I would not be here.' He had said: 'I have other ideas too. If you take me you take them also.'

"He had talked like a man aware of his own times. He had not used a single cliché. He had not beaten a single old drum. He was, as one man murmured, 'a piece of granite, with a cutting edge.'

"The time for the balloting came. Would they take or would they leave John Bracken? If they left him they would have nothing. Everyone knew they had nothing. If they took him, why would they take him? What would they do with him? What would he do with them?

"AT THE second ballot the issue was clear. If the Bracken vote stuck Mr. Bracken was elected. Would it stick? Mr. MacPherson had, as it were, been re-entered. He had had a demonstration. He was no radical. He liked the recipes for a 'safe' world. He was a solid 'party and Empire' man. He had played the good old game in the good old way. Would the party go back along the tried way with him, or would it risk adventure?

"Col. Drew addressed the gathering, from a sheaf of prepared notes. It was a strategic opportunity. A mood could be created which might affect the second voting. He played the MacPherson note; if he were not too late he might be effecting a MacPherson swing. Is there anything more important than the British Empire? What is Canada after all? Is she not primarily an outpost, a function, of the British Empire? Let us glory in the British Empire. 'Those who are not for us are against us.' Col. Drew got out the guns; there was menace in his tone.

"Col. Drew sat down; and the second ballot gave the leadership to John Bracken.

"When Mr. Bracken got up to accept the leadership he did not stumble nor hesitate nor falter. His typed sheets were before him; he lifted them and laid them down with firm fingers. He had a beginning, a middle and a conclusion.

"The gulf, the chasm, the abyss between Mr. Bracken's speech and practically all the other speeches at the Convention was obvious to the most casual listener. He was explicit and concrete. He had warned them what they would get if they elected him; when elected he displayed to them what they had got.

"THE Drews and the Maitlands and the MacPhersons had rolled their thunders on the Imperial drum. Mr. Bracken did not use the word Empire. Instead he said:

"'I am sure there are few among us today, after the Battle of Britain and after all that has taken place in the last three years, who will not take pride in the maintenance of British institutions and in standing side by side with the other members of the Commonwealth of British nations as well as with the great American nation to the south of us, in facing whatever problems the future may have in store.'

"The Drews and the Maitlands and the MacPhersons had dragged the poor 'common man' back and forth across the platform with a mixture of commiseration and condescension, until he seemed a very bedraggled specimen. Mr. Bracken stood that common man on his feet and stated that common man's rights and responsibilities in terms of economic and social change.

"No-one else had even remotely suggested an informed scientific awareness of the new world created by modern science which, with all its implicit demands for political and social controls and communal responsibility, dictates changes in thought and practice for the modern man. Mr. Bracken opened the door on that world and displayed its anomalies and opportunities.

"Mr. Meighen sat and listened, impassive, thinking perhaps of the genie who was once let out of a bottle."

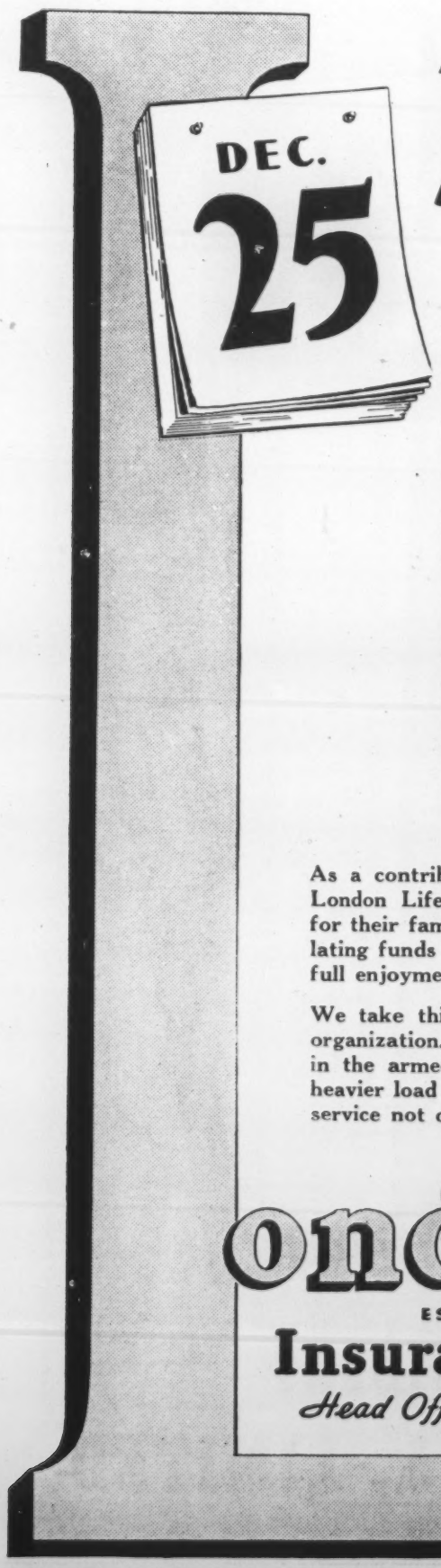
IF THEY did not take Bracken they would have nothing. That, and not the organization work of the Junta, was what elected Bracken. He was a leader who had carefully arranged things so that he had no party; they were a party which had, not so carefully, but quite as definitely, arranged things so that it had no leader, and no prospect of a leader, within its own ranks. They had to come together. A sane Convention could do no other. For in these days leadership is all-important.

There will be many odd consequences arising out of the fact that the leader and the party are not of the same tradition, not of the same school of thought, not of the same political creed. There will be many departures, but there will also be many adhesions. There is, of course, within the party a substantial body of opinion quite ready to adopt a large measure of Brackenism; indeed without that assurance, as presented in the party platform, Bracken would never have accepted. But he knows, and everybody knows, that there is also much to be got rid of.

In the meanwhile I hope that Mr. Bracken is reading Sir Robert Borden's memoirs. They are full of instructions as to how a Conservative leader who is wiser than his party has to deal with that party. There is more in common between Borden and Bracken than the fact that their names begin with B and end with -en. The party very nearly threw Borden out before he led it into power, and he was not so much of a stranger to it as Bracken is. But he tamed it in the end.

—Photo by E. P. Gibson, Winnipeg "Tribune".

JOHN BRACKEN, PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE LEADER



The Magic of Christmas

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It symbolizes home, family and friendship.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Ottawa Already Reacts to Bracken

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE quidnuncs are on the qui vive against the advent of Mr. Bracken. They don't know what to expect from him in the House of Commons, for he is entirely different from anyone whose introduction into the Ottawa arena has ever been awaited before—different in political personality (if the term is permissible) and in the character of the career that is bringing him to the seat of national affairs. Moreover, unlike any other who has followed the star of his destiny to the heart of the nation, he is not coming to enter any contest for the winning of his spurs. He must bring his spurs with him, ride with them on from the first.

If he hasn't got them it will be just too bad, for another chapter in Canada's political history will be automatically closed. Mr. Bracken wasn't chosen as Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party to be a "white hope". There is no longer any time for the trying out of white hopes. He was chosen to be a ready-made champion. He must be that from the start. If he isn't the arena will empty and the Progressive Conservative Party will have died aborning.

Will Wait for the Sign

So the quidnuncs, having no standards to go by, are in a bit of a dither. But they recognize that the coming of Mr. Bracken to Parliament Hill will be an occasion of no ordinary significance and they are prudently refraining from pronouncing an advance verdict. They are preparing themselves to come to scoff but also to remain to pray. They will look first for the betraying hayseed in the hair, for fertilizer on the shoes, and should they see them they will nudge one another and nod their heads. But even then they will know better than to think it is time to start the booing. For it is coming to be realized that this man of Manitoba will not stand or fall, as so many men on the political stage do, by exterior qualities. They will wait for the sign that will indicate to them whether the inner strength which apparently for so long has made this man a power on the prairies can be as potent at Ottawa as it was at Winnipeg.

Word comes on the Western wind that he is no orator—that he does not plead his causes, carry them by the force of rhetorical persuasiveness. He states them. And the causes, stated by him, are carried. That being so, he should be able to get along very nicely at this time and in this place without eloquence. And the arena should be able to forgive him the lack of it. He has not, they say, "color", or magnetism. And yet he has got the best of every situation in exceedingly politically-minded Manitoba for twenty years. When he lacks so much and succeeds so well the compensating qualities must be very remarkable. It will be for these compensating qualities that Ottawa, even its quidnuncs, will really look. From what we have seen in the pages of his story we fancy they will find them only when he starts on the job of doing what he is coming here to do. For with this extraordinary man it seems to be very much a case of pretty is that pretty does, of deeds—not words—that count.

The mood seems to be right for just this. The call is for purposefulness, for assurance of direction for our affairs that looks neither to the right nor to the left but only straight ahead, for men speaking and acting for the people who will have no other concern than to insist on such direction and see that it is secured. Eloquence, though its present absence makes the House of Commons such a dull place, would be suspect in this mood even were it associated with character and ability. Ottawa is prepared to have respect for Mr. Bracken, to give his new kind of leadership a break.

A Trojan Horse

Even the Government that Mr. Bracken is coming down to attack, if not to destroy for yet a while, seems disposed to be respectful, to attach due weight to his potentialities as an opponent. And the early indications that, unlike the others in the arena, it is not willing to give him a break only serve to highlight the respect it feels for him. Mr. Jimmy Gardiner, with all his indifference for the finer amenities of public life, would hardly have wasted so much abuse as he directed at Mr. Bracken upon learning the result of the Convention had he not considered him dangerous. And the Prime Minister himself shows his respect by offering him a Trojan Horse in the shape of a by-election in the CCF-infested riding of Selkirk. That seemed somewhat shabby of Mr. King. He lauds the two-party system of government, denounces the CCF and all its ways and works, professes an anxiety to facilitate the entry of the new Leader into the House, and then he offers to bring on a contest for Mr. Bracken in a constituency where the chances of his defeat would be exceptionally large. It really begins to look as if Mr. King doesn't want the Opposition to have a strong Leader, or any Leader, even though the lack of Opposition leadership strengthens the chances of the Socialist party. Ottawa would have preferred to see Mr. King be more sporting and to show more concern for the general good of the party system.

Reactions to Bracken?

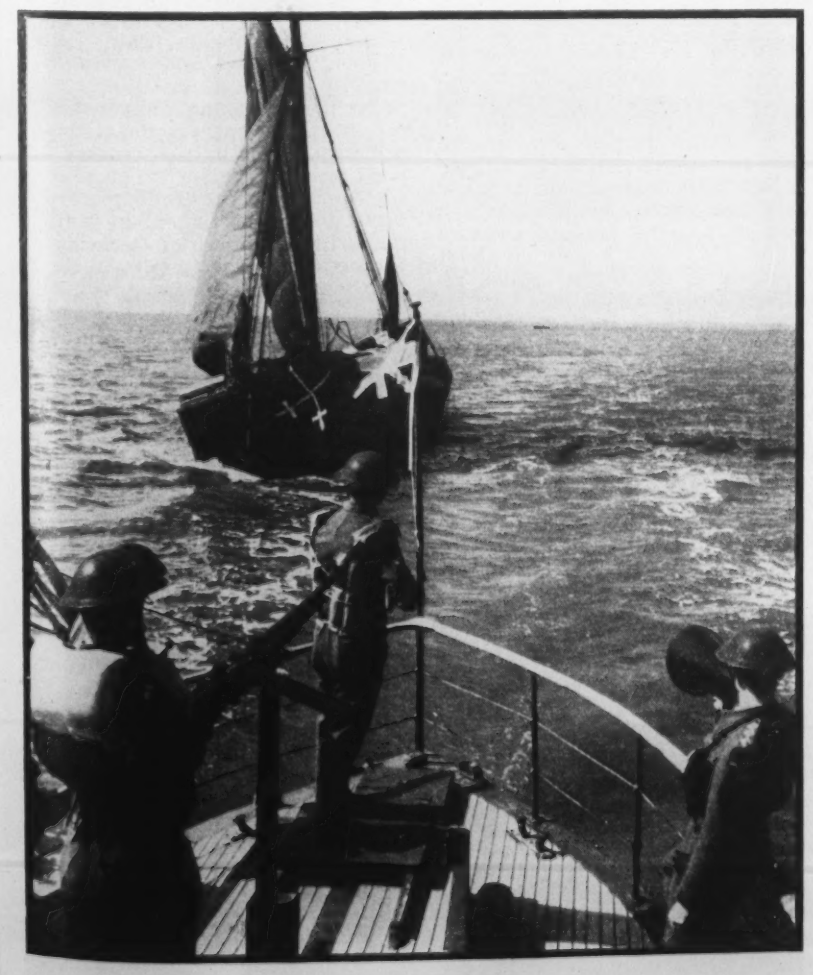
Whether last week's important moves in connection with military mobilization can also be interpreted as signifying the Government's respect for the potential potency of the incoming Opposition Leader is debatable. The call-ups of single and married men and the increase in pay and allowances for the troops and their dependents may have been in preparation and on schedule before the Convention. And in any case they may have been dictated by considerations entirely removed from politics. If it is permissible to suspect these moves may have been influenced by Mr. Bracken's impending entry on the Ottawa scene, then the timing and the terms of Mr. King's drink curbs would be subject to the same suspicion. But in any case, whether the naming of the new Opposition Leader had anything to do with these developments or whether it hadn't, they are the kind of reactions to Mr. Bracken and his new Opposition party to look for in the affairs of the nation. Mr. Bracken and the revitalized Opposition are coming into Parliament in January to demand a more vigorous, full-out war effort. The logical thing for the Administration to do is to anticipate this demand—beat Bracken to the punch by doing in advance as many as possible of the things he is likely to insist on being done and so leave him with only empty air to flail. So before Mr. Bracken has a chance to open his mouth in the House of Commons, the affairs of the nation will feel the beneficial effect of his installation as the Leader of a new "people's party".

Indeed, if it could be conceived even momentarily that Mr. King would dare to affront the country by a snap election at this time there would have been those in Ottawa old in the ways of politics who would not, in fear of being laughed at, have swallowed unspoken suspicious that the developments referred to smelled of preparations for meeting Mr. Bracken and his new political command on a wider front than that of the House of Commons. But any man who did stop another on Parliament Hill last week to mention that the frosty air seemed to carry a familiar fishy odor was quick to laugh himself before he could be laughed at.

The Government, of course, would have to go a good deal further than it went last week if it would place Mr. Bracken in the position of having little more than a shadow against which to tilt his lance for total war. There is National Selective Service for example—in a condition of suspended animation since Mr. Little took his disappointed and excited departure. But as we have queried before, what can really be done about Selective Service without unrestricted conscription? Also we have had Mr. Little's acting successor and an even more eminent authority, the Minister of Munitions, assuring us that there is no manpower shortage worthy of the name, hence, by implication, no need for anything more in the way of Selective Service.

The Conscription Issue

And there is no present indication that, however otherwise the revitalization of the Opposition may stir Mr. King into strengthening the government front, it will stampede him into overcoming his distaste for imposing overseas service conscription on Quebec. A reasonable assessment of the situation would suggest that it might drive him into an even closer understanding with the anti-conscriptionists. If it should be his intention to take his stand on the conscription issue he will first see to it that his own measures-short-of-conscription policy is exploited to the full in order that he may maintain that under this policy the nation is completely mobilized and that there is nothing to be gained but open racial disunity from resorting to conscription for the sake of conscription. Should matters turn out that way, then, as close students of both the distant war fronts and the home front see it, the test—the showdown as to the effect of Mr. Bracken and his total-war people's party on Mr. King's hold over his conscriptionist followers—would come when some military situation developed which would require the ultimate measure of Canada's support for the United Nations' cause and when a claim that nothing short of conscription would suffice could be seemingly substantiated.



One of the many and varied duties of Britain's Army Service Corps is the checking of all craft entering coastal defence zones. Here is one of their motor patrol boats overhauling a sailing barge for inspection.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

Exploring British Humor

A TREASURY OF BRITISH HUMOR, edited by Morris Bishop. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

NO ONE can determine for me what is funny or unfunny. The right to laugh is a personal prerogative and the reasons for laughing are as much my own as my skin is. I can see whole continents laughing at Mickey Mouse without cracking a smile, and many of my own flashes of entertainment would be solemnities to my neighbors.

For that reason Mr. Bishop (a Professor at Cornell) has written a disarming preface to this noble book of 800 pages. "Every selection," he writes, "must have made me (a) laugh out loud; (b) chuckle; (c) smile broadly." As I turn over the pages, I am bound to differ from Mr. Bishop in many instances, feeling, like Mr. Pickwick, a little surprise at the ease whereby the editor is entertained. But that's to be expected.

Moreover I look in vain for some pages that are not there. Mr. Bishop forestalls this objection, in courtesy and good sense, and makes up for the omission by the inclusion of many gay pieces which were new to me. For example he quotes some of the letters of Prof. Walter Raleigh, "a scholar who has emerged from scholarship." In a blithe letter of thanks to a hostess Raleigh burbled away after the style of the liturgy: "For all drinks and potions, for the tea and the coffee, the claret and the sherry, for the fifty-one port and the eighty-one port, for the whisky and the very old brandy, I beg you to accept my thanks. (Here shall be inserted the Collect for use after Bridge.) For all my quarrels at Bridge, for my failures to make myself socially useful, for putting J. M. in a swither, for reprehending R. I. and for all ridiculous and offensive behavior I humbly beg your pardon. (Here shall be inserted the prayer to be said by those who desire to be asked again.)"

But you can't quote from "this darlin' book." All you can do is to read it, enjoy the great portion of it that will please you, and skip the small fraction of it that doesn't seem to ripple your funny-bone.

Pioneers, O Pioneers

BY STEWART C. EASTON

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN, by Le Grand Cannon Jr. (Oxford. $3.25.)

FLOODS OF SPRING, by Henry Bellamann. (Musson. $3.00.)

THE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE, by Virginia Swain. (Oxford. $3.00.)

THE first two books are concerned with pioneering in different regions of America, but there is an extraordinary difference in emphasis. *Look to the Mountain* shows great power in evoking the physical scene at a distant period of history. I can never remember a historical novel which brings so clearly to a reader the actual physical hardships and dangers, and at the same time the primitive rewards, to be gained from such a life. In our days, when one buys an axe or a scythe from a hardware store, it is almost impossible to imagine a time when a man had to make his own or trade something valuable for them, and when he might well be renowned simply for the excellence of the tool he possessed, and his skill at using them. Mr. Cannon's command of detail is so impressive that at the end the reader really seems to know just how life was in New Hampshire in the 18th century, how one set about building a house and carving a farm out of the wilderness. The story, as such, is excellent too, but it is the detail that will be remembered.

Floods of Spring on the other hand is only incidentally about pioneering in the State of Missouri in the years following the Civil War. Rather is it a profound and subtle character study of a lonely man who is obsessed by his part in the war, and turns his back upon his cultural heritage in his search for his own idea of reality. The book is beautifully written and has a grim inevitability that is absolutely convincing. The manner in which Peter Kettring sets to work and his determined attempt at self-sufficiency could only result in tragedy for his family. Mr. Bellamann has written of him with insight and sympathy, condemning him not at all, though he shows with consummate artistry the unintended effect of his actions upon those around him. The whole story, the background of the great river, the relations between the young people and Peter and his wife, could hardly have been better done. Undoubtedly one of the best books of the year.

In comparison with these two, *The Dollar Gold Piece* which deals with the rise of Kansas City, appears trivial, though the boom-city atmosphere seems to be true to life. It may perhaps take courage to write of so many unpleasant people, all in one book, but the result is an irritated monotony. There is not one character with whom one has the slightest sympathy; all are uniformly weak or stupid, or positively malevolent. It might have been well to present at least one person of some kindness or integrity, if only to point the contrast. After all even in Kansas City the whole human species cannot have been totally devoid of any virtue. Still, Miss Swain may have harmlessly expelled much poison from her vitals.

An Eminent Questioner

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

AMERICAN UNITY AND ASIA, by Pearl S. Buck. (Longmans Green and Co. $2.00.)

IN THIS book of collected articles and addresses, Pearl S. Buck raises numerous questions as to the causes and effects of the war, and the problems that will confront the world after it is all over. It is easier to ask questions than it is to answer them, and the persistent interrogator is apt to become a nuisance in the midst of a life or death struggle.

"What are we fighting for in the Orient?" is one of the questions raised by the author. The average American would reply that they are fighting because of the treacherous attack by the Japs on Pearl Harbor last December. But Mrs. Buck is not content with a plain answer. She contends that Americans are fighting for "national survival," to "defend our standards of living," to keep the sea lanes open, to "defend what we have in the Orient, our political and economic outposts," and for "Freedom for all." All of which, and more, lands us into a tangle of complexities and contradictions when we try to analyze and reconcile the various points of view of the allied countries.

There is the question of the freedom of India, which Mrs. Buck seems to regard as a "fly" in the Orient, although she admits that such men as Gandhi and Nehru "would not be alive today had Japan been the ruler in India instead of England." On the other hand this question of freedom is brought home to Americans themselves in a discussion of the Negro problem, upon which Mrs. Buck is very caustic. "We do not want to discover the real truth about the colored American, which is that our race prejudice denies them democracy," she says. "We refuse to face it because we do not want to change the status of the colored person. We wish to keep him the servant of the white man." That is strong stuff, and it perhaps answers Mr. Wendell Willkie's question about the silence of the United States regarding the problem of India.

When Pearl Buck writes about the Orient she does so with authority, as one born and reared in China; but it is well to remember, amid all the questionings about the past and future of the East, that the all-important question of the present is how to knock out Japan.

F. D. McDowell in French

LA ROUTE DE CHAMPLAIN, par F. D. McDowell, traduit par Georges Panneton. (Macmillans: and Belisle, Quebec. $1.75.)

HERE is a fine and promising venture, the introduction to French Canada of an English-Canadian author, whose work, *The Champlain Road* has won the popularity it surely deserves. Judging by spotty glances through the book I find the translation living, spirited, and uncommonly graceful. May some sentences be quoted as an example. They occur at the end of the eighth Chapter: *"Situation inouïe!" avoua le Père Le Mercier avec amertume. "Gens plus préoccupés de leurs petites zizanies et de leurs intrigues que de la sûreté de la nation. La paix et l'amitié ne sont-elles pas, pourtant, les seuls préservatifs contre les misères humaines? Cette famille huronne: Hurons, Petuns, Neutres, Iroquois, même branche d'un même arbre, s'entre-tuent, se massacrent entre frères. L'homme traîne le fratricide atavisme de Caïn à travers les generations!"* Applicable more than ever to-day!

According to French publishing habit; the book is paper-bound and uncut. Some day, one hopes, the high cost of publishing fiction in Canada, in England and in the United States may be reduced by following this habit. For the product, though distinctly cheaper, has no look of cheapness in the paper or the typography.

POPULAR MATHEMATICS, by Denning Miller. (Longmans, Green, $4.75.)

THIS is a thrilling book. For once the progressive simplicity of the language of mathematics is set forth, not laboriously as in a text book, but with a liveliness which even makes use of slang to push home a demonstration. "No man," says the author "can have a basic knowledge of modern scientific civilization without some understanding of the simplest, easiest and most enjoyable language in the world—the language of mathematics." Gaily it progresses through arithmetic and geometry, trigonometry and algebra to the Differential calculus which deals with the width of the unmeasurable spaces between fractions, and to the binomial theorem which the author calls "the brightest pebble on the beach." Anybody can learn mathematics with this book propped up before him and with a pad of paper and pencil at hand.

AMERICA AND THE AXIS WAR, by Denys Smith. (Macmillans, $3.50.)

A CAREFUL, fully documented record of American public opinion and Governmental action from the outbreak of war in Europe to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The author is the correspondent in Washington of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* and while, of course, he is in sympathy with the British point-of-view, his work here is judicial and accurate and in no sense hostile even towards the isolationists who for many months saw through a glass darkly.

MONTREAL IN VERSE, an anthology of verse by Montreal poets. (Published by the Poetry Group of the Authors' Association, Montreal Branch; Miss Lily Barry, 2010 Union Avenue, Montreal. 50c.)

IN THIS tercentenary of a noble and gracious city it is fitting that some thirty or forty poems in praise of her should be re-published. Among them is the lovely *Ramezay Road* by Alice M. S. Lighthall, though perhaps it is unfair to name only one for mention. All are interesting. The proceeds of the book go to the Queen's Canadian Fund. Leo Cox is the editor.

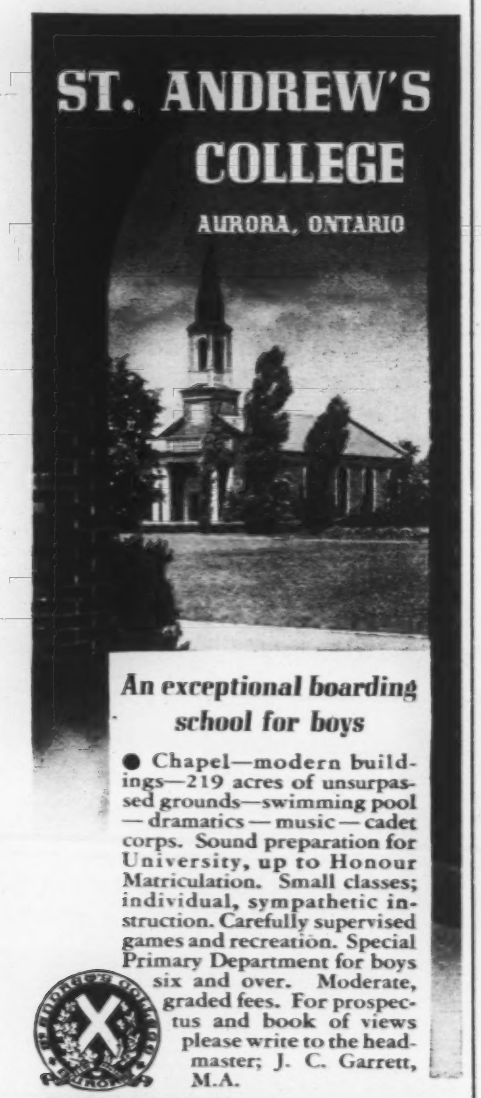
FREELY TO PASS, by Edward W. Beattie, Jr., news-correspondent of the United Press. (Oxford, $3.75.)

FROM a phrase in his passport the author has found a title for his anabasis from New York to Tokio, to Hong Kong, to Singapore, Burma, India, the Middle East, Berlin, Prague, Warsaw and London. Always he was just ahead of the war, or at the beginning of war, and he reports with clearness the attitude of ordinary people in each country. The book lacks the "drive" of some of the war-records of his contemporary reporters, but it is urgent in praise of the British defiance of Germany and of the victory of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain.

TEN FIGHTER BOYS, edited by Wing Commander Athol Forbes, D.F.C. and Squadron Leader Hubert Allen, D.F.C. (Collins, $2.00.)

THE personal record of ten supergallant members of the R.A.F., each of whom was induced to write some of his experiences in training and fighting. Three of them were dead before the book was finished. How many of the seven will survive to read it no one dares guess.

Two eminent novelists; Norman Collins, author of "The Quiet Lady", and Ethel Vance, author of "Reprisal".



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THE WORLD OF SPORT

History, Ancient and Otherwise

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE Dominion rugby final is a matter of history by now and as such under normal circumstances, it should be given a decent burial and forgotten. Enough wakes have been held over it already. This department would be only too happy to do this had it not been for many years and for no apparent reason a fervent and eternally hopeful supporter of the chubby clubs which have been coming so confidently out of the west, usually to return by devious routes in dead of night so as not to have to face too many ruined bettors on the way. The western clubs have met with no signal success in the east, and no pun is intended. They've won a couple of games by close scores and been beaten more often by substantial ones.

The funny thing about all this is that usually the westerners have had the better teams, man for man, in ability, skill, and capacity, and have had every apparent prospect of emerging victorious. Their too-consistent defeats have followed a definite pattern pleasing to the eastern eye, and because there will probably be other Dominion finals and other hopeful western clubs it may be well to investigate this pattern, base a few well-chosen words of wisdom upon it, and then turn our attention to hockey and baseball until the leaves come tumbling down once more. (That's sort of poetic, isn't it? Reminds you of a popular song. Reminds you of hundreds of popular songs.)

The western clubs like their own brand of ball a lot more than the eastern version. They make no secret of this. They like it so much that they insist on playing it even when the opposition and the referees are playing the latter. The results are almost invariably disastrous as well as spectacular. There are a few old home truths known to every close student of the eastern game. One of these is that you can't get to first base through the line (when better metaphors are mixed. . . .) unless you have efficient end plays to spread the defence. Another is that it's fatal to let punts, like cheques, bounce. A third is that against a team with a good kicker a couple of points are not a safe margin except of the 1929 kind.

MOST western clubs have treated these truths with blissful disdain. They haven't to date produced an end sweep capable of reaching the ketchup at the far end of a table, ignoring the fact that against eastern clubs you've got to use lateral passes to get to first . . . oops! excuse it. . . to get anywhere. They allow punts to bounce with gay abandon and appear deeply hurt when the kickers come up and either fall on them or dump the safety man on his piazza. They get a few points ahead without much difficulty and then start playing what they fondly imagine to be a safe game.

It is a fact well-known to scientists that a midget, provided he is able to run fast enough, can catch a pass in the flat. Conversely, if you have an outside a good foot taller than the opposition and throw him passes deep into opposing territory, nothing short of an earthquake can prevent him from catching them. The west runs to tall outsides, the east to short ones. A few years ago Winnipeg came east to play Argos. Early in the game they forged ahead on a series of passes down the middle. The Argos just watched the ball go by, craning open-mouthed. The game showed every evidence of becoming a rout. It did, too. The Bombers, leading by two points quit passing and started to plunge while mentally preparing victory speeches for the Rotary Club back home. They got tired, having few or no substitutes worthy of the name. When they finally came face to face with another scoring chance they forgot the deep pass and tossed one in the flat to Fritzie Hanson, who was obviously so pooped he needed a cane. Then the roof fell in. That series of events will have a familiar sound to participants and spectators of this year's contest.

The trouble is either with the coaching or what may be laughingly termed the quarterbacking, and in either case it springs from an apparent ignorance or of obliviousness to the game as she is played in the east. The big breaks in the most recent spectacle came right through the centre of the line, but they were only made possible because Hurricane threats around the ends had the western line spread out wider than a politician's palms. The Bombers presented no such threat, because it simply didn't exist in the game they'd been used to. Future challengers had better get used to it.

TWO items appearing recently in the public prints are of some interest by themselves and of more interest when considered together. One was the box-score of attendance figures at N.H.L. games to date this season. They showed only two cities under last year's. The other concerned a ruling, apparently emanating from Ottawa from whence cometh all rulings, to the effect that the pro hockey clubs would not have to worry about the transportation problem over the holiday season. This makes the hockey clubs unique. The railways are worrying plenty.

The first item bears out a theory that has been advanced here for some time, namely that wartime sports provide a useful relaxation for weary war workers. Whether or not relaxation is just what a war worker needs who is making twice as much money as he ever made in peacetime and five times as much as a soldier is another question and one which won't be answered here. It may seem to some that it's the soldier who needs the relaxation, but the question is purely academic because he's not going to get it anyway.

The second item isn't academic and it isn't even a question. A lot of people who are being told by one and all that only vitally necessary travel must be done around Christmas time are viewing the peripatetic hockeyists with no great love and admiration. They may even go so far as to want to know why. To be perfectly frank, great numbers of them want to know the why of a lot of things about the N.H.L. We have spoken of this before.

Everybody else in the world, including such worthy citizens as Dr. Schacht, is getting his chance these days to describe in detail his war aims. The season is wide open and funnily enough people actually seem to want to hear them. There is no apparent reason why the N.H.L. should be deprived of a privilege granted to Dr. Schacht. The N.H.L. should be allowed to make a definite statement on just where it stands on the war. The N.H.L. should in fact, be advised to do this. Strongly.

The odd part of it is that the N.H.L.'s war aims are probably as good as anyone else's. They simply don't look that way, say to soldiers going home on leave who can't get accommodations. Silence is golden, but take a look at gold stocks these days. Anyway, it's the thing to do.

THERE is rumored to be a man dressed in the uniform of a Flying Officer who is going around to houses cadging dimes for indigent Hurricanes and claiming that he is Lew Hayman. This same impostor recently selected for a national magazine a ten-year all-star rugby team. Anyone who knows Lew Hayman would realize at once that the fellow is a phoney, not only because it passes the bounds of credibility that as smart a coach as Lew would stick his neck out so far as to join the all-star selectors, but because the name of Art West appears neither on first nor second team, an astonishing thing in view of the fact that it was this same Art West who by his running and pass-catching efforts over the space of three or four years not only established himself as the greatest Canadian halfback in many moons but virtually made the reputation of this F. O. Hayman. The present character is patently an impostor. We hope.

Last week witnessed the third anniversary of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. It was December 16, 1939, that Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Canada signed the agreement that launched the Empire's answer to the Luftwaffe's threat. Now entering its fourth year, the Plan is pouring out trained men who are gaining mastery of the air. Men trained in Canada, most of them Canadians, form crews for Britain's biggest bombers like the Stirlings above. Other Canadians are based at more distant points on the world's battlefronts — in North Africa, where they are helping to rout Rommel further into defeat, and in the Far East. Below: an R.C.A.F. Catalina squadron has its base in Ceylon.

DEATH NOTICE

CHAPLIN, Major Garnet W., M.C. Died suddenly on Tuesday, December 15th, 1942, at his late residence, 175 Lakeshore road, Humber Bay. Major Garnet W. Chaplin, M.C., was the youngest son of the late William Chaplin and Mrs. Chaplin, beloved brother of Charlotte (Mrs. Dalton Davies, 15 Hillholme Rd., Toronto, and Hattie (Mrs. A. R. Parker) of England.

He was interred Thursday at the Victoria Lawn Cemetery, St. Catharines, Ontario.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gayety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude.

THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

WORLD OF WOMEN

ON THE theory that what the eye doesn't see the womanly heart doesn't grieve, the government has halted the merry-go-round of drastic fashion changes that used to create seasonal upheavals in the wardrobe. If anyone is inclined to let fall a furtive tear she can console herself by thinking of the seamstresses who will turn their talents from the making of French seams to sewing fabric on airplane wings. Experienced cutters will work on uniforms instead of evening gowns. More machines and their operators will be available for making parachutes and the thousands of other things the armed forces require of the needle trades. She can console herself, too,

Prints -- Public and Private

BY BERNICE COFFEY

with the fact that within the limitations of the "frozen silhouette" there remains ample room for the variety that is said to be the spice of life—and certainly of style.

Oddly enough fabric conservation, the key-note of all fashion design for the coming season, has made fabrics themselves the White Hope.

Fabric-makers tell us that the new cloth-conservation restrictions have proved an inspiration rather than a disadvantage. And so they have designed many novelty prints—all particularly wearable, some quite frankly intended to give a dress an appearance of fullness that does not really exist.

It's the *trompe-l'oeil* technique, and if you don't think the eye can be fooled in this manner then the army is wasting its time fooling around with camouflage.

The new rayon prints contribute to the spirit-lifting mood of fashion with clever use of color within the confines of the four-color restrictions. These new prints are for undercoat wear during the winter months and for warm days of spring when a coat is not necessary. Dresses made of these prints are distinctive on their own, requiring none of the peace-time fripperies.

Illusions

Among the design-tricks used in prints to suggest fullness are lace patterns with the lace having the effect of being gathered. Border prints also give an illusion of greater skirt width—the wide band of floral or leaf print to be used at the hemline. Narrower bands of the design are repeated on plain-tone ground.

Flower, leaf, fruit and conventional designs show great originality of treatment. Quiet tailored patterns introduce powder puffs, young fern fronds, snow crystals and many designs associated with tie-silk designs. A hand-painted effect has been given to many of the flower designs with clever, subtle shading. Giant blossoms have freshness and appeal for dressy effects. "Victory Garden" prints show spaced designs of barely recognizable vegetables in etched effect.

A novelty for lingerie is a bubble print on rayon chiffon—blithe bubbles interspersed with colorful flowers.

Colors have an arresting gaiety—and names to match such as Sun Right Gold, Avocado Green, Sun Aqua, Lemon Gold, Almond Tan, Fig Green, Damascus Blue Grape, and other delightful shades.

"Home Is the Sailor"

Hundreds of British sailors bless the name of Mrs. Mary Starr, a former school teacher who lives in Essex, Connecticut. A year ago, on a street in Boston, a lonely sailor on leave from his ship, asked Mrs. Starr for directions. She talked to him, learnt he had not seen his family or home for a year, so she took him to her home and he stayed a week. When he left he begged Mrs. Starr to befriend other British sailors. Her husband and son approved and soon she was entertaining as many as a dozen guests in need of a rest in the country.

Some of the men had undergone harrowing experiences at sea, others had passed months in cramped ships. To them all a bed, home-cooked food, and relaxation in the country were beyond value. The numbers of those who heard of Mrs. Starr's hospitality and asked to be allowed to come, grew until she was no longer able to take them all under her roof. So she scouted the neighborhood by telephone for families willing to take men. One family offered to take six men at a time at its large estate. Others agreed to take one or two men.

Mrs. Starr says the men themselves have done the most to open the doors of more homes by their adaptability and friendliness, and their enjoyment in participating in all community activities.

With forty to fifty sailors under her care scattered over the countryside in a dozen towns, Mrs. Starr is an extremely busy woman. Not only does she find accommodation for the men, but she meets them all when they arrive at the railroad station and drives them to the homes.

Although Mrs. Starr's work has been done so quietly that until recently few persons except the participating families knew of it, her efforts have received official recognition from Vice-Admiral Wilfred F. French, British Admiralty representative in Washington. Admiral French said he had learned of the work of "H.M.S. Connecticut" and thanked Mrs. Starr and the families participating.

The Admiral's letter particularly pleased Mrs. Starr, because it officially approved H.M.S. Connecticut, the name her sailor guests have given her little white house overlooking the Connecticut River. A brass plate on the front door bears the name, as does a decorative plaque, similar to those on British warships, beside the door. Both were given to Mrs. Starr by sailors. On a flagpole beside the house flies a large white ensign, the flag flown in battle by British ships. The flag was brought to Mrs. Starr from Malta.

Family resemblance . . . All the girls of the family, including the young mother, dress alike in sprigged cotton dirndls trimmed with ruffles.

The Victorian Hat Trick

BY TERRY BELLAMY

VICTORIA, capital city of British Columbia, knows all about cold seamen, for their boats dock there all the time. The men never complain, but they do so much appreciate windbreaker jackets. However, leather is getting scarce and seamen increasing in numbers . . . result, a problem that had to be solved.

A challenge is always taken up by somebody. Mrs. A. H. Pease decided that something could be done with felt . . . felt hats for instance. Carefully she worked out the plan, no waste and a well fitting garment.

Today there is an overcrowded little room up a steep flight of stairs where a group of efficient volunteer workers make the jackets. It is the Windbreaker Department of British Bundles, under the capable convenership of Mrs. Ruby Shipley who spends all day and every day at this work.

Ten Equal One

As the door opens the whir of two sewing machines is heard and the laughter of the ladies at work. I inspected the whole process thoroughly. Old felt hats are collected, washed and then sorted for color and thickness. One windbreaker might be made of men's grey hats, another of women's black ones and occasionally a Jacob's coat is made up of a patchwork of all the odd colors.

It takes ten hats to make one coat and they are all cut to a set pattern by means of pieces of tin whose special shapes exactly fit into their appointed places on the big pattern. Each piece of tin is numbered—centre front one, two or three and so on. Each piece of felt, as it is cut to the shape of the tin, is numbered the same.

The felt pieces are then joined flat together by means of a darning stitcher on the sewing machine. Then they are mounted on a grey flannel backing which becomes the outside of the coat.

Ribbons, Too

Just to prove that nothing is wasted I was shown a clean pile of hat ribbons, all washed, pressed and ready to be utilized as the binding tape over the side seams. To strengthen the armholes new braid is used. Even this has an historical interest as it is actually the braid fashionable on the hems of long skirts many years ago, a stock of which was unearthed by one of the local stores.

Even with the careful cutting there are still tiny bits of felt left over, but none are thrown away. Belts and little bunches of gay flowers are made out of the final snippety bits of the old felt hats and I marvelled at the ingenuity of people, brought out by stern necessity.

Cold Work

Stern necessity demands more and ever more of these windbreakers. Even the naval officers are asking if they may buy some for themselves after seeing the ones donated to the men, for it's cold work at sea on the little ships that bring us the things we need and take our help to those in greater need. Yes, it is bitterly cold on the bridge and in the lookout and an efficient windbreaker is a mighty useful thing to have.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Life With Bow-Wow

BY MARIANNA RAMSAY

OUR dog is so beautiful that people stop still in the streets to admire her. They don't do that to any of the rest of us, so we're driven to believe she's the handsomest member of the family. We have a little girl, too, and we think she's sort of cute. We took a picture of the two together when Peggy Ann was still in the creeping stage; the dog, very large and the baby, very little. It turned out well but whenever we show it to our friends, they say pointedly, "Oh, what a beautiful dog!" And one near-sighted *ex*-friend went so far as to exclaim, "Such a lovely dog with its *sweet* little puppy!"

Jill was born to bloom unseen and shed her light on woodland ways. In fact, she spent twelve years of her decorative life in the country home of my aunt and uncle. In the summer when the family was there, she became an enlarged lapdog. In the winter, she stayed with a nearby farmer where she had to earn her keep by helping with the milking. So all her life was lived in wide open spaces except for a brief unhappy interlude when an enthusiastic visitor fell in love with her, begged to have her one winter, and installed her in Montreal in a luxurious little apartment on Sherbrooke Street. Jill liked it very well for a while. She liked to fix herself up and stroll down the avenue catching the eye of all the men and even evoking the admiration of small urchins who would point at her and say, "Oh, look at the big wolf!" (Jill is a collie.) But when the cold weather came and she put on her winter coat, the apartment was stuffy and she felt tied down. Those were in Jill's younger days when she liked a lot of mad pursuit and bucolic jitterbugging. And she wasn't getting it in Montreal so she grew paler and paler in spite of the cod liver oil and eventually got her way and returned to the cows.

But then, alas, the farmer died and his son didn't want her any more and there was nothing to do but get rid of poor old Jill . . . and so, of course, the Ramsays took her. After all, Henry said, she may be growing old but she does it gracefully. We didn't know how many awkward moments there can be in graceful canine old age.

It seemed a fine idea to Mrs. Ramsay to kill two birds with one stone and take Jill for a walk every afternoon with the babies. It was fine, except that we almost killed two babies, one young mother and a dog. For Jill thought that streets were made only for her convenience. She walked down the exact centre of them and motorists had to dodge as best they could. Her path was lined with unfortunate drivers who sat mopping their brows on the sidelines, having stopped all but two inches away. When Peggy Ann started to imitate her, we bought a leash. Our progress then was two steps forward and one back as Jill darted from side to side led by her olfactory whims and lashed us all firmly to the baby carriage. Stopping every three steps to sort ourselves out meant that it took us half an hour to cover one block.

Sorties Abroad

Then there were the Other Dogs. Jill's rural existence had not included many of her own kind. And we hadn't noticed many in our neighborhood before. But when Jill walked down the street a dog emerged from every door to welcome her. They were greeted by her with horrible snarls and such appalling straining at the leash that it was obvious she intended to massacre them all. This was very good for Mrs. Ramsay's muscular development but hard on the nerves. Jill would pull wildly in one direction, Peggy Ann would wander off across the street and the baby carriage would roll gently down the hill. The Ramsay airings became restricted to streets on which no large dogs resided. Venturing into unknown blocks was far worse than opening up the West.

But these problems were all minor compared to the Meat Problem. Dogs don't eat scraps in the Ramsay house because the Ramsays eat them. Jill considered what was left a mere hors d'oeuvre. Hamburger, said the butcher, costs thirty cents a pound. Pork liver, on the other hand, costs 18c but you can't always get it. Then the Ramsay charwoman said she worked at another place where they had a big dog and they fed him horsemeat. So horsemeat it was—and is.

Horsemeat comes in an elegant truck with "Silver Fox Feed Company" inscribed upon it in gold letters. But when ten pounds is delivered at your door in an apple basket, its rich red nudity only partially veiled by a piece of wax paper, you know it's horsemeat and straight from the glue factory. When you boil a large hunk in a pan and a heavy sweet odor slowly permeates the house, you know it's horsemeat. When you gaze at it thoughtfully pondering the war and the meat shortage, you wonder how soon, O Lord, how soon—but now you don't eat it because you know it's horsemeat. Doggie's meat problem is solved for the moment. Then comes the day when you run out of horse and you have to order hamburger from the local store. You pop the hamburger in a pot and cook it and —you guessed it. Up from the pot comes a familiar rich sweet odor.

Well, you know it's not horsemeat but just the same, next time you'll have that round steak ground before your own eyes.

How Not to Cook With Wine

BY WEARE HOLBROOK

HOME hasn't been the same since Phoebe got that book on Wine Cookery. Back in Iowa, I had always thought of wine as something that stayed on the sideboard in a long-necked decanter. But now it has come right into the kitchen and settled down among the baking-powder, salt, sugar, molasses, and other old inhabitants of the cupboard shelf.

According to Phoebe's book, almost anything can be cooked in wine. It will even take the curse off cauliflower. What it does is to bring out the flavor of food and distribute it all over the house. A filet of sole broiled in sauterne may not taste so hot, but it smells wonderful while it's broiling merrily.

In fact, it was the delectable aroma emanating from the food that attracted me to wine cookery in the first place. I came home one evening and found the house filled with a fragrance reminiscent of a hotel lobby during an Elks' convention. "What's cooking?" I inquired.

"Pot roast," replied Phoebe.

"But what else?" I insisted. "You can't tell me that a mere hunk of beef is responsible for that rich, fruity odor." Then a horrible thought struck me. This was before the war, when housewives had a mania for sticking slices of pineapple in the most unlikely places. "You haven't put pineapple in it?" I asked, alarmed. I never mix pineapple and beef.

"No, it's plain ordinary pot roast," said Phoebe. "I just soaked it in a quart of red wine for five hours before I put it on the fire, that's all."

It tasted like plain ordinary pot roast, too. But the gravy was delicious. I put it on my mashed potatoes and the other vegetables, and finished by dunking slices of bread in it. No dessert was necessary.

Since then I have done considerable wine cookery myself, when Phoebe was not around. Though I do not aspire to be one of those nodding acquaintances of Escoffier who insist on mixing their own salad dressing in restaurants, I have a nice eye for proportions, and a fairly steady hand after 11 a.m. My culinary experiments so far have exceeded the expectations of my most pessimistic friends. And that is why, with the holiday season at hand, I take the liberty of presenting herewith my own recipe for Christmas plum pudding.

Most people think that all a plum pudding needs by way of stimulus is a dash of blazing brandy before serving. Brandy is all right for illumination (the dancing blue flames lend a festive touch to the dinner table), but in the pudding itself, as I make it, wine is the all-important ingredient. In addition to brandy for burning and rum for the hard sauce, I generally use about three bottles of port or burgundy.

Privacy Needed

The first step in the preparation of the pudding is to get the kitchen all to yourself. Put the cat out, and cover the canary. Before assembling your ingredients, taste a liberal sample from each bottle of port or burgundy to make sure you have the real stuff. Many a pudding has been ruined by claret or chianti.

There are no plums in plum pudding. The fruit base consists of a pound of raisins, a half pound of grated citron, orange and lemon peel, and one cup of pickled peach juice. Place them in a bowl with bread crumbs, and pour over them one-half bottle of wine. Drink the other half just to get it out of the way, and sift one pound of flour over the bowl, the table top, and your shoes. Next add the suet.

Remove cork from second bottle, chop it up with one-half cup of almonds (including cup) and sprinkle it on the floured fruit. Pour half of the second bottle over the floured fruit, and drink the remainder to prevent deterioration.

Now beat up three eggs, after first removing the shells, and add them to the fluired frout, together with a shup of cugar and a pinch of salt the size of your thumb and forefinger. Mix well and pour contents of bowl into a bag. Add suet (that old blue-serge suet will do) and shove into oven. (Care should be taken to distinguish the oven from the dumb-waiter, the incinerator, and the refrigit—the refirger—the ice box.)

Then drink the thir bolla wine and lie down on the linoneum for 4 to 8 hours, depenning on the size of the bag. When you can stick a broom-straw into your eye and feel no pain, the pudding is done. Douse it with brandy, touch a match to it, and serve quickly with a long-handled shovel, a bucket of sand, and a stirrup-pump.

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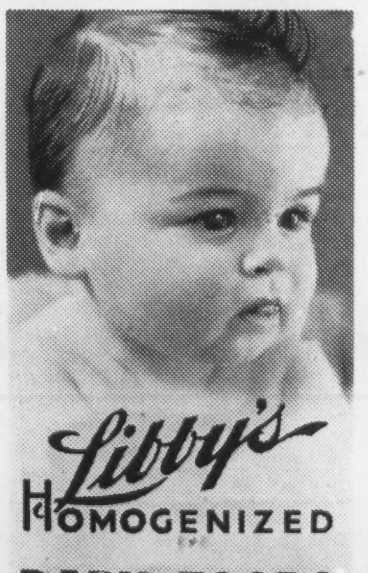

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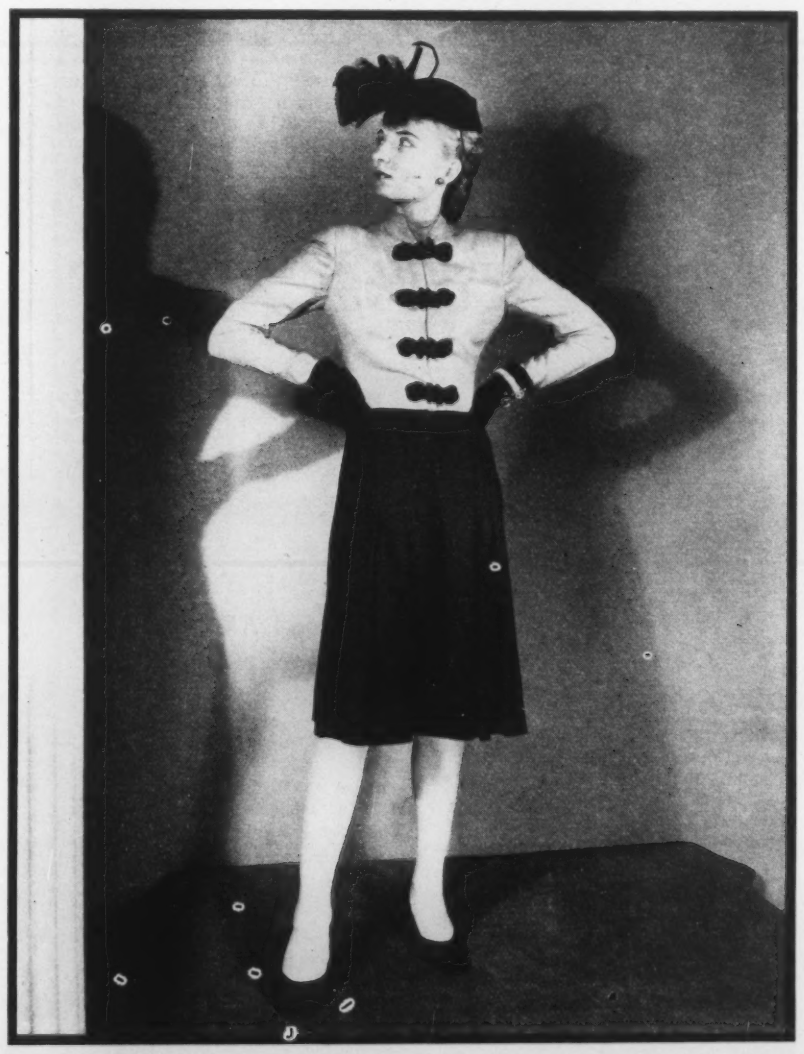

As chic as its frog fastenings is this two-piece dress which combines three contrasting colors in dusty rose jacket, black skirt, aqua gilet.

So You Have a Party Line!

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

SO, YOU have a party line and you don't like it. Neither do I. Neither did the woman who roused her doctor at 4 a.m. because, she explained, apologetically, it was the only time she could discuss her symptoms with any privacy!

Why the sudden urge to make a telephone call should overwhelm the same party line subscribers at almost identical moments is something for students of thought transmission to worry over. All I, and hundreds of other party liners, know is, that do we begin a telephone conversation, at any hour of the day or night, it cannot be concluded without the accompaniment of distressing noises, such as the hook being jiggled up and down, violent dialing in one's ear and gusty sighs, often embellished with exclamatory Mys! Wells! and For heaven's sakeses!

That Certain Party

Never yet have I heard anyone refer to their party in anything but the most scathing terms and only the other day while engaged in a telephone conversation with a friend, I, myself, came close to remarking that my party was endowed with all the less attractive qualities of Hitler and Hirohito combined. All that prevented me was my friend's kindred description of *her* party. But whether her party or mine, *someone* had dialed in our outraged ear. They not only dialed, they listened, jiggled the hook and dialed again!

Now, ordinarily, I am a sort of feminine Casper Milquetoast, with all the courage and daring of an anemic titmouse, but push me far enough and titmouse becomes eagle —for a few hours, anyhow.

This was the push. I called the telephone company, demanding to know why I should be compelled to endure such a performance. The Telephone Company was sympathetic but firm. They would not relay my complaint. Past experience had proved that such procedure merely made matters worse and the counter charges launched by the second party were more bitter than those of the first!

Were there, the Telephone Company asked, any children in my home? I replied that the woman downstairs had two, as did I, and they ranged in ages from eight to seventeen, whereupon the Company tactfully suggested that perhaps my party's inexplicably rude behavior was in retaliation for acts of carelessness on the part of the children. Perhaps the receiver had been left off the hook, or the children had made a game of listening in on the other person's conversation. This I doubted and said so since all four children have been taught that the telephone is not a toy, but an instrument for the transacting of adult business. Nevertheless, I declared, I would keep a close check on them but in the meantime, what to do?

The Telephone Company suggested that I get in touch with my party and try to come to an understanding. Upon being given their name, address and telephone number, I discovered my party lived next door but one to me. However, I didn't know them and didn't wish to. Nor did I telephone. By this time, titmouse was in the ascendant again and I could see no point in asking for argument. Besides, it was time to prepare lunch.

Right In The Ear

A day or two later I had cause to be glad I had pursued a peaceful course for, in my haste to make a call, I dialed without waiting to hear the dial tone, and right in my party's ear! Covered with confusion, I apologized and to my astonishment was graciously told it was quite all right, we all make mistakes!

"You see," said I to the woman downstairs, afterward, "it must have been the children—*her* children, of course — she, herself, seems quite reasonable."

At eleven o'clock that night, however, my opinion went into violent reverse. At that time, I was called to the telephone. It was my husband calling long distance to tell me he would not be home that week end, and he had been trying to get the line since nine o'clock. He was not happy and wondered if I had nothing better to do with my time than sit at the telephone all evening.

I retorted that I had not been near the telephone since seven o'clock and that the people downstairs were out. It must have been the party. They may even have left the receiver off the hook. If they had thus voluntarily deprived themselves of service, I exploded, they didn't need a telephone! But apparently they did, for they signalled their desire to use it by the customary jiggling of the hook.

Doubling Up

At the conclusion of the conversation, I was not sure whether my husband would be home in one week or two, but I *was* sure that either my party was a female Jekyll and Hyde or there were two families in her house. If this last were so, then down I would go to the Telephone Company and demand a private line. Four families, one of which obviously lacked even the rudiments of common politeness, being forced to share the same line was too much. Something would have to be done about it!

The next day, the eagle in me still roused, I presented myself at the telephone company. The company was courtesy itself, in a business suit. But, they explained, a private line was out of the question. A party line, continued the Company, means that two subscribers are served by only one line to the exchange, instead of each subscriber having an individual line. On the average, each line to the exchange contains over 20 pounds of copper. That amount of copper, turned into cartridge cases, would keep a machine gun in action for four minutes.

Again, if the 64,000 telephones in say, Toronto homes now served by individual lines were changed to two party lines, about 650,000 pounds of copper could be salvaged—enough to build over 1,000 medium tanks.

Telephone materials are war materials. The telephone system has stopped growing. Ordinary subscribers must share such facilities as are already available. It is not practicable to convert all residence individual lines to party lines, but many more subscribers must share a line to the exchange than in the halcyon days of three and four years ago.

That is why 70% of the telephones now being installed are party lines. And party lines call for party manners. Hang up promptly and gently when you find the other party using the line. Remember that all you will learn by listening in on a conversation is that the most frequently used word on the telephone is "I."

Don't make unnecessary calls and you should know that it is quicker to consult the directory and get the right number than to call a wrong number and then consult the directory. It is estimated that in Toronto, for instance, 30,000 wrong numbers are dialed every day. Don't hang up too soon. Wait for at least ten rings, it costs only a minute and will probably save you a second call. And keep it short. No exchanging of recipes or holding of post mortems over last night's bridge game, please.

Telephone men, went on the Company, have found all kinds of trouble —from a bug in the fuse to a 200-pound lady who caused the floor to sag, thus crossing the wires beneath. But the habit of leaving the telephone off the hook is the greatest single cause of trouble in telephone service.

Keep in mind that the telephone is meant to be used for telephoning only. It definitely is not the thing to emulate the man in the cartoon who asked a neighbor, "May I use your telephone? Mine's busy. I have the receiver holding up a window, my wife's cutting out biscuits with the mouthpiece and the baby is teething on the cord!"

Perhaps that was what my party was doing the night of the long distance call — holding up a window with the receiver. Perhaps, by some odd chance, she may read this article. If she should, I'd like to say to her, whether we like it or not, we have to share a party line. We can make that sharing pleasant or unendurable, as we choose. So let's keep our heads and remember our manners. If you will refrain from bringing out the Hitler in me, I promise not to rouse the Hirohito in you! How about it?

"Confetti" — a Walter Florell design in hot orange-red felt has large confetti dots of the felt scattered over a bow of black mohair, little black chenille dots over the veil of mesh.

DRESSING TABLE

Nothing Sacred

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT SEEMS that nothing is sacred any more. There's no use hiding in your bathroom when you do your "keeping-fit" exercises or give yourself a facial. Our favorite beauty tricks are no longer a secret nor our beauty salons a refuge from male curiosity. For now, big as life and for all the world to see, is the new M.G.M. movie short "Listen Boys. . . !" . . . which lifts the veil from the mysteries of feminine beauty. It will be shown soon at your local theatre.

It is actually a behind-the-scenes account of what happens when women go to Hudnut's DuBarry Success School to be made fit and fair from tip to toe. You'll see the heroine, "Susie," enrolled after a thorough appraisal by Ann Delafield, Director of the School. You'll follow her through the routine of exercises (watch them closely so you can do them yourself) . . . skin care, beauty-angle face treatments with DuBarry creams . . . make-up and coiffure.

"Listen Boys . . !" is without a doubt an eye-opener . . . for if it is revealing to the menfolk (and won't they love it) it is no less so to us women. If you're smart and keep your wits about you, between laughs you can pick up lots of professional tips on make-up and skin care. And we don't mean long-drawn-out exercises or involved beauty routines. In fact, you'll see one young woman putting herself through the paces during a free moment at work. But . . . if like Susie, you feel the urge to do yourself over, then the very same course Susie takes can be taken right in your own home.

The picture's lots of fun and a lesson in itself. And when you see the finished Susie (we'll wager you don't recognize her till she's pointed out to you) you'll want to rush out and start practicing yourself.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Horn of Roland

BY EDWARD A. McCOURT

I CAN hardly remember the time when we didn't know Captain Jack. I guess it must have been right after the last war that he came to our town, all the way from France, to live with his married son. He played the violin pretty well, and taught music until the arm with the shrapnel in it gave out on him.

Pretty soon after that something went wrong with his head. If half what he told us was true, though, he'd been through a lot in the war, so it wasn't surprising that he did go queer in the end. His real name was Jaques Durand, and he'd been a non-commissioned officer in a French infantry regiment. That's why we called him Captain Jack. He always wore his old military cap with the gold band around it, and two medal ribbons in his coat lapel. He was a small man, but very straight, and always as neat as a button.

After he couldn't give music lessons any more he got a job as janitor in our school. He had to, because his son didn't make much of a living and had a big family of his own to look after.

Maybe Captain Jack wasn't a very good janitor, but we kids thought he was a great man. There were a lot of complaints from the teachers, because he used to spend so much of his time telling us stories. At recess, for instance, he'd always be wandering about the playground, then pretty soon he'd be standing over in one corner, very straight, almost as if he was on parade, and we'd be sitting around on the ground or leaning up against the fence listening to him.

Captain Jack told us a lot about himself, of course. He'd been at Verdun, under Petain, whom he worshipped. It was there that he'd got the shrapnel in his arm. But he told us other stories too—not about himself but about France in the old days—stories about Napoleon for instance, and about Joan of Arc. But mostly he told us about Roland.

There weren't many of the kids at our school ever got beyond grade eight, but just the same, those of us who listened to Captain Jack learned a lot that some college people don't know. We knew all about Roland and Oliver and Marsilius and Ganelon; and names like Sargossa and Pampola and Roncesvalles were as familiar to us as those of our own streets.

He told us all about the way Charlemagne led his army through the passes of the Pyrenees, and how Ganelon betrayed his people to the Saracens. Captain Jack's shoulders would sort of droop whenever he came to that part; but then he'd go on to tell us about how the rearguard under Roland and Oliver held off the whole Saracen army and how, right at the end, Roland lifted the magic horn to his lips and blew three mighty blasts "so that his temples cracked, *mes enfants*,"—and Charlemagne knew at last what was happening in the pass behind him.

And as Captain Jack told us about how Roland fought, and the way he blew his horn, and the way he died, his shoulders would lift little by little and a light would come into his eyes and at the end he'd be standing straight as a ramrod and he'd say "Vive la France!" in a very loud and gruff voice. Then all of us kids would be very quiet and feel sort of funny inside.

AFTER I quit school and went to work I didn't see so much of Captain Jack. He gave up janitoring pretty soon after that but he kept right on telling stories to the kids. He used to wait in the park outside the school grounds, and almost any fine day, right after school, you'd see him there under a tree, with a whole gang around him just like in the old days, and if you waited long enough you'd see his shoulders droop and then presently they'd begin to straighten until pretty soon Captain Jack would be standing at attention and you'd know that he'd reached that part about the horn of Roland.

After the war broke out Captain Jack, although he must have been near eighty then, came to the park every day, and he and the kids had some great times together.

On the day that France fell Tony Perelli and Butch Donovan and I were crossing the park on the way home from the munitions plant where we work. It was a grand summer's day, and everything in the park looked beautiful. Captain Jack was standing under his favorite tree, and he was talking to the kids about Roland. "But though the armies of France were betrayed they were still unconquered!" he was saying, just like he said it to us in the old days, only his voice didn't sound the same.

Then Butch Donovan said "Balony!" in a voice loud enough for Captain Jack to hear. The old man stood very still. He seemed to be trying to pull himself together—then all of a sudden the tears were running down his cheeks and he turned and sort of slunk away. "You're a lousy swine, Butch," Tony said, and Butch didn't even get mad.

AFTER that we only saw Captain Jack once in a long while. I spoke to him whenever I met him, but I don't think he knew me. He didn't wear his military cap or his ribbons any more. I always wanted to tell him that I knew about the way he felt, but I didn't know how to.

One evening in November Tony and Butch and I were on our way home and as usual we were taking the short cut across the park because we were tired and hungry and wanted our suppers. "Hey look, fellers," said Tony all of a sudden in a surprised voice, "there's Captain Jack." Sure enough, there he was on the far side of the park in a corner where the light from one of the street lamps was shining over the wall. It was a cold evening but all the kids in the neighborhood seemed to be there. When I got up close I could see Peter right in the front row, without any overcoat on.

I saw something else too. Captain Jack was wearing his military cap, and the ribbons were back on his coat lapel. He was talking about Roland. "And then, *mes enfants*, Roland lifted the great horn to his lips and blew a blast that echoed through the mountain passes and into the very heart of France!"—and Captain Jack's shoulders lifted the way they used to. Butch is a good guy, but this night he was more tired than usual and pretty cranky. So he puckered up his mouth and spit good and loud. But Captain Jack didn't blink an eyelid. He looked at us and there was a smile—the first I'd seen in a long time—around the corners of his mouth. "You have not heard, gentlemen?"

"Heard what?"

"This afternoon the Germans have occupied Toulon."

All of a sudden everything was awfully quiet. I licked my lips and said "What about the fleet?"

"The fleet, gentlemen, went down with flags flying! Not one ship is in enemy hands!" Then Captain Jack's eyes flashed and he drew himself up and saluted and said "Vive la France!" just like he did in the old days. And I had a funny sort of feeling inside me. For I knew that in the sound of the guns of Toulon, Captain Jack had heard the horn of Roland.

I turned away pretty quick. "Come on," I said, "we'll be late for supper."

"I'm gettin' a cold hangin' around here," said Butch, and he blew his nose hard.

Then I didn't feel so silly anymore, because I knew that Butch was crying too.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS 1942

IS THIS a time for gayety? Some say it is all wrong
To laugh with joy and gladness—to sing a merry song—
When everywhere around we see a world so sadly rent
With fury of men's violence; when all men's minds are bent
On death and dark destruction—in sky—on land—on sea;—
When there is little peace on earth, and only enmity.

Yet were it not for Him whose Birth we mark on Christmas day,
Gone would be hope forever. Men ne'er could know the way
To dwell on earth in love and peace,—build rather than destroy.
Is not this hope alone a cause for gladness and for joy?

So let us light our candles. Let us trim the Christmas tree.
Beacons they are, of peace ahead—torches of liberty.
And let us gladden children's hearts, which yet have known no fear,
And laugh with them in faith, aloud, so tyrants all will hear,
For as the tyrant Herod failed, the Blessed Child to slay,
They too must fail. Right will prevail and Christ will have His way.

N. McHARDY.

There's No Mid-West in Canada

BY REBECCA KNOWLES

DID you know that there is no Mid-West in Canada?

Geographically, Manitoba is as midwestern as a place could be. John Smith, at Emerson, has merely to step across an unguarded line to enter the realm of Isolation. He sees the same prairie he saw before he stepped. His own house is visible behind him. Yet he finds a state of mind so different from his own that, a hundred feet from his doorstep, he is mentally a stranger in a strange land. What makes him different? He has the same problems as has his neighbor to the south. He has similar grudges against his compatriots to the east. He has, in common with his neighbor, a distrust of big business and stock markets. Yet John Smith thinks in broader terms than does his neighbor, and is as conscious of his place in a round world as is the mayor of Toronto.

Is John Smith exceptionally intelligent? No, quite an ordinary man. But he has one advantage that is valuable to him in forming his mind for citizenship in the world.

When John Smith was six he went to school and the process of moulding began. Over his head flew that flag "upon which the sun never sets." Before he could grasp a greater world than home and school, he was introduced to a vast Fairyland with which he was, in some mysterious way, connected. As he grew older this fairyland took form as a world as solid as his own backyard. He was entitled to a proprietory interest in lands where dingoes howled and diamonds glittered. The brown-skinned men of India, to be sure, behaved oddly, but they did so under a familiar flag. The black chiefs of Zululand, in paint and plumes, partook of feast and war dance in honor of his king. And, if he lived through a coronation, this king was doubly his, for he contributed shouts and songs and waved his flag as did similar children all over the globe.

There are those who doubt the value of our partnership in the British Commonwealth. Aside from all benefits of an economic or political nature, this cultural benefit is our most precious possession. It prepares us for a glorious and honorable future. Combined with our close geographical association with the United States, and our consequent understanding and adoption of their culture, it makes us the natural co-ordinators and interpreters of the two cultures.

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Thanks to Our Fighting Forces ! ! !
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MONTREAL
Providing accommodation in five key industrial and military centres, we are proud to be "serving Canada's war production line" and be with those on the "home front" backing up our fighting men.
Canada's
ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS
DIRECTION
Vernon G. Cardy

FEMININE OUTLOOK

But Peaceful

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

AS SOON as Mrs. Andrews sat down in the big chair opposite her husband's, the desire to talk broke out in her like chickenpox. She had been alone in the house all day for snow kept the children outside until mealtime and she had seen no one else. The children were now in bed, as much of her work was done as she meant to do this evening, she felt tired and she wanted to talk. Mr. Andrews was reading a journalist's account of his last days in Berlin.

"The nicest thing about not having a maid," she said chattily, lifting Elsa's skirt out of the mending basket, "is that I get so hungry."

Her husband surprised her by looking up. She had not expected him even to hear and flattered by his attention she went on quickly, "I never noticed before the relation between the work you do and the amount you eat. Of course the children eat lots but they're growing. After I do the washing or the kitchen floor, I'm so simply starving I have to eat a 'piece'. Remember we always ate a 'piece' when we were little. I don't gain weight either; I work it off."

Mr. Andrews made a husbandly sound indicating comprehension and sympathy of a detached sort and returned to Berlin. Mrs. Andrews spread over her knee the tear in the plaid material which climbed jaggedly like a flight of steps. "There are so many nice things about it. I thought at first it would be terrible and it was terrible. For the first month my feet never stopped hurting and I felt so ashamed of having thought it was funny when people said their feet hurt. And I felt so pushed. I couldn't sit down a second without worrying about the jobs that weren't done and rushing off to start one of them. You get over that. I can sit still now with the house in ruins."

"I wish you had some help," her husband said without looking up.

"I really don't need it with the splendid schedule I have now. It makes me feel like a woman in a magazine—Wednesday, dining room, Thursday, kitchen. If I keep up to it we come out clean on Sunday, or pretty clean." She fitted the edges of the tear together and stared at it earnestly. Elsa wanted to wear the skirt and she had put off mending it for at least two weeks, doing the socks and stockings instead because straight ahead darning was easier.

Though she was tired she felt very cheerful; this unusual combination she had noticed only since her maid left. She must try not to talk any more so that her husband could read. Was she cheerful, Mrs. Andrews wondered, because she worked hard and working hard was her duty or because she was constantly doing work she had always disliked? Probably both. She had always hated dusting chair rungs, cleaning the sink, washing socks and ironing anything at all. Now she did all these tasks regularly and though she had not learned to love them, she no longer hated them but regarded them as necessary neutral ingredients of her day.

The System

"Oh," she told her husband eagerly, forgetting that she had meant to leave him in Berlin, "the children really do help now. They've worked wonderfully ever since I tried that splendid idea of yours."

"What idea was that?"

"Don't you remember? It saved my life. I had their duties all portioned out and typed and hung on the wall and they wouldn't do a single one. I was following out the principle I learned in parent education—about each child having a responsibility to the family and doing a share of home duties as a matter of course. A matter of course! It changed everything when I tried your idea."

"What was it?"

"Money. When I wrote five cents or ten cents after the name of each duty it made a great difference. Now I can't think up duties enough and Guy buys his own balsa wood and Barbara her own wool. Elsa cleaned all the silver and Barbara sewed her own button on without being told. You have no idea."

She sighed happily as she laid the saw-toothed edges of the plaid together and began to make a narrow seam. "And I know where everything is. Rita kept things in such strange places that I used to spend all Wednesday afternoon hunting for the egg beater or the press cloth. Now I've got the shelves and drawers just the way I want them."

"I Scold, Too"

"And it's more peaceful because Rita used to scold the children about tracking the kitchen floor and leaving horse chestnuts on the chairs. Of course," she admitted, "I scold them too but when you're doing the scolding you don't notice it so much. And there used to be endless trouble about school work. Rita threw away every sheet as soon as it came inside the house and then the children would want it and roar. I leave their papers lying around till they forget all about them; it's messy but peaceful. That kind of sums up the whole thing, doesn't it? Messy but peaceful."

The observation pleased her so much that she meditated on it while she seamed the rest of the tear. She was just making her final knot when the telephone rang. As she struggled out from under the skirt, her scissors, tape measure and two spools, Mr. Andrews went to answer it.

"For you," he said. "It's Mrs. Stewart."

Mrs. Andrews stood and stared at him. "Do you know what this call is?" she asked rapidly. "It's a maid. Mrs. Stewart's maid's aunt was coming to the city to work and she said she'd let me know this evening. Think of it!"

"Why, that's fine,' Mr. Andrews said with enthusiasm. "Get her quick."

Mrs. Andrews walked slowly across the room and across the hall to the telephone. She could not hurry because she was looking at a series of bright little pictures. Now she could get to the hairdresser's regularly, now she could do the shopping which had waited so long, now she could look, comfortably and at leisure, for the plain dress she desperately needed, now she could go out for lunch again, now she could see her friends elsewhere than in the chain store, now she would have ironed sheets again and polished windows, now she could get her hands into shape and keep her eyes open after ten o'clock in the evening, now —oh, now— Her breath came quickly and her cheeks glowed. "Oh my dear," she cried eagerly into the mouthpiece.

Four minutes later she sat down again and picked up the plaid skirt. On the right side her seam looked terrible; she would have to darn the edges down on another piece of material.

"Well, that's fine," her husband said heartily. "I'm glad you've got somebody at last."

"But I haven't. The aunt's decided to go into a factory."

He looked up in irritation. "What does Mrs. Stewart mean?"

Bright Pictures

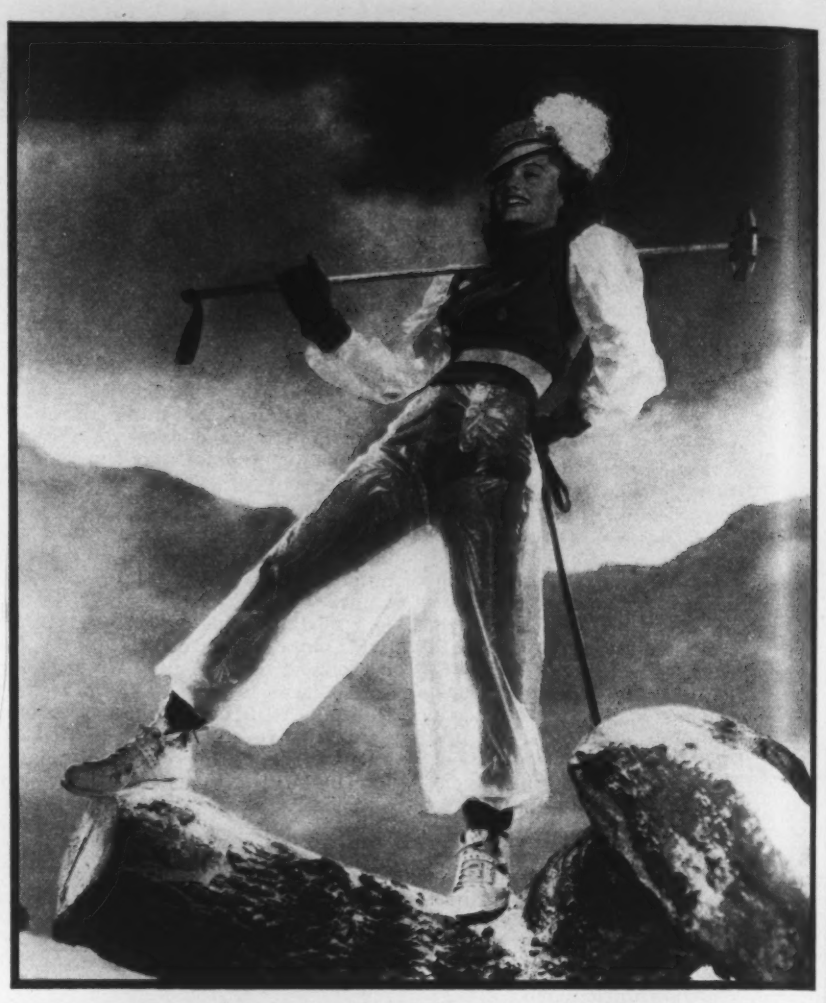
"Oh, it wasn't her fault." There was a small silence in which she felt him looking at her with some anxiety. She sat very still and stared at her work. Of course one couldn't be really disappointed at losing what one had not seriously expected to gain. She must put away the bright pictures of a lost life of comfort and easiness and pleasure. But before she could put them away they had begun of themselves to fade, to recede gently into the world of someday. Her breathing slowed, she settled into her chair and began to rip the tiny stitches she had just made.

"It's just as well," she said. "We're getting along so beautifully I'd hate to change. I sleep so well now. I never slept so well in all my life."

"You've always slept well," Mr. Andrews said.

"Not as well as I do now, not nearly. I'll have to mend this skirt by daylight." She folded it up, selected a sock from the basket and looked at the large hole in its heel. "My pastry isn't as good as Rita's yet but it's getting better. Now we can eat what we like and not what Rita likes. She simply wouldn't cook liver or cabbage or lima beans and they said in my nutrition class that those were so important. If this new one had come we'd have had to get used to her likes." She yawned an unsmotherable yawn and laid down the sock. She could darn that better by daylight too. She gathered up her work.

At the door she turned but her husband was already bookfast. Unconsciously as she passed him he had shrugged down in his chair with an air of enhanced comfort, not to say relief. She hadn't meant to talk so much that he couldn't read; one of these evenings she too would sit down with a book, one of these evenings—. She yawned again and swinging the mending basket and smiling sleepily to herself, began to climb the stairs.



Milo Anderson, well-known Hollywood designer, dreamed up this ingenious oilskin-and-knitted-wool ski costume. Wool is for warmth, oilskin to protect against wind and invite suntan. Alexis Smith wears it.

Foxes and lambs are not especially friendly in real life, but this jet black Persian lamb coat is enhanced by the ballet border of black fox.

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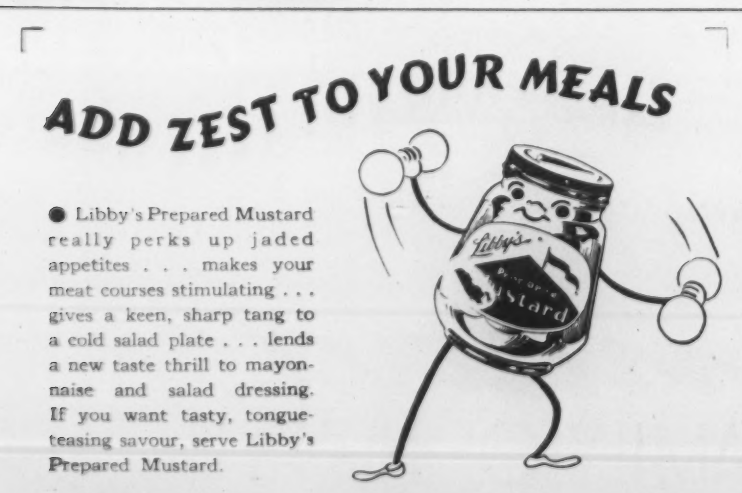
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CONCERNING FOOD

Come and Get It --- Buffet Style

BY JANET MARCH

"THAT'S very interesting," said the bride with the diamond Air Force badge on her sweater as she closed her notebook at the end of the nutrition lecture. "I'll try to remember about which vegetables have what in them, and about how sinful it is to put in bicarbonate of soda and murder the poor innocent vitamins. I'll eat whole wheat bread with butter if I can get any, and drink milk, but what I really want to know isn't anything to do with iron or phosphorous, but just how to give a buffet supper for ten people with no maid without killing myself."

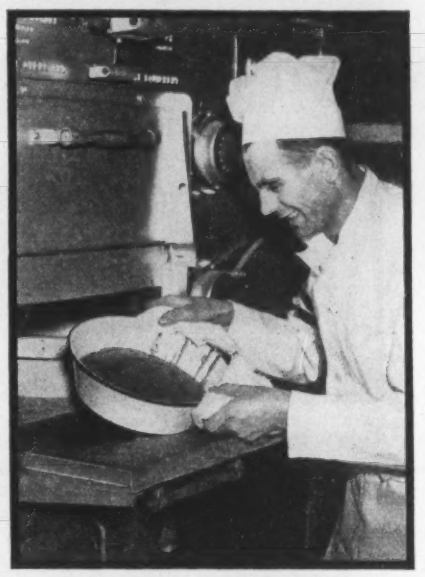
She looked strong and very pretty, and as if she had always been fed the right foods from the moment she reached the hospital nursery to the present day. I had just finished reading a book which told you how to get on without a maid, and it had made me feel old and haggard and incapable. The author claimed that in twenty minutes flat she could make a breakfast of peaches and cream, bran muffins, broiled bacon, scrambled eggs and drip coffee for four people. What's more she hadn't even laid the table the night before. That woman must be a wonder. I would say if you wore running shoes and sprinted from the stove to the refrigerator you could just make it breathlessly in half an hour.

"Well," I said to the bride, "I don't think you need kill yourself, but don't imagine that good buffet meals grow like mushrooms."

"You think up something for me, easy to cook, economical but—you know—sort of special," she said lightly, and picked up her Red Cross smock and went on her way.

The book about the maid, or rather the lack of her, was full of information about buffet meals, and had some good tips in it though some of the advice seemed difficult to follow, as for instance for half the afternoon before the party, "Rest, or go to a movie. Don't think about the party." Well, that sounds wonderful but if I spent a couple of hours on Marlene Dietrich's maternal troubles there just wouldn't be a party, or if there was the guests would find the children's skates on the living room sofa, dust lying thick in their cocktail glasses and an amazing pile of miscellany on the hall table including the dog's lead, the laundry and everyone's discarded mail matter. Perfect organization of a house hangs like a lovely bubble above the head of most housekeepers, unattainable but highly desirable.

To get on to the bride's food at her buffet party, here are some suggestions. First of all canapés with whatever you may provide to drink. You don't want them to be messy or hard to make, and no longer can we count on getting all those wonderful little English biscuits which settled half the canapé problem right off.



As he examines a piping hot fruit pudding this army cook seems pleased with the result of his labor. It is one of scores of others in the gigantic electric oven at Webb Hall where the thousands of men composing complete personnel of No. 2 District Depot are fed three times daily.

Celery—stuffed with either cream cheese, or other cheese creamed and mixed with mayonnaise, is always a favorite.

Potato Chips—Be sure they are fresh and heat them in the oven.

Lobster Puffs—Buy those miniature empty cream puffs and fill them with canned lobster shredded and mixed with mayonnaise and a dash of sherry.

Chicken Giblets and Egg—Cook the giblets gently and put through the meat mincer and mix with an equal amount of hard boiled chopped egg. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread on rounds of bread.

Cheese and Sherry—Grate the cheese and mix with butter. Add pepper, salt and sherry and spread on rounds of bread.

Make the spreads up ahead and, as you will only want a little of each one, put in waxed paper. Cut the bread ahead, slicing it and using a round cookie cutter to make the rounds. Wrap the pieces of bread in a damp napkin, and then when you are getting the canapés ready—which can't be done long before—you won't have a whole lot of dirty bowls left at the last moment.

Whether you have soup next depends on whether you have bouillon cups, and on how many dishes you are prepared to wash, although it isn't really a question of washing but more of stacking space in the kitchen. If you have a very small kitchen better pass up soup. If you can manage it and it's a cold night it makes a good start. You can either make it yourself or use the can opener with great effect and less trouble.

Mushroom Soup

Make a thin white sauce allowing a cup of milk per person. Put this sauce in the double boiler and add a pound of mushrooms finely chopped, a slice of onion and salt and pepper. Cook slowly in the double boiler for about forty five minutes and then strain rubbing all you can through the strainer. Make the soup ahead so that you only have to re-heat it.

For the meat course there is nothing quite as good as cold chicken, turkey, ham or beef, although we are told we won't have much of the latter soon. Of course you will roast the meat the day before, and either have it carved on the sideboard at the party, or carve it in the kitchen. Serve a green salad with it. You can wash and dry the greens ahead and wrap them in a wet cloth and then have only to put them in a bowl and toss with French dressing just before serving. Have plates of buttered rolls and make either potatoes au gratin, or bake and stuff potatoes.

Potatoes au Gratin

There are two ways of making these. The more usual one is to slice raw potatoes and put them in layers in a buttered baking dish, sprinkling each layer with flour, salt and pepper, and putting in little daubs of butter. When the dish is full add milk to almost the top of the dish, and cook in a slow oven for about an hour. After half an hour sprinkle the top with a thick layer of grated cheese. You may have to add more milk, but this rather depends on the variety of potato as some absorb more than others. The second way is very good and not as usual. Bake the potatoes and peel them and cut in chunks and put in a baking dish. Pour on a white sauce and sprinkle the top with a layer of cheese and brown in the oven.

If you want a hot dish as your main one you could have either chicken a la king or curry with as many of the trimmings as you can come by. These should be arranged on a tray, and should include chutney, pickles, raisins, etc. With it should be served large quantities of hot dry rice.

Follow the main course with pastries bought from your favorite pastry shop—unless you can spare the time, the sugar and the butter to make some yourself. Have cheese for the people who don't care for sweets, and end up with coffee or a substitute. While it is being drunk manage somehow to clear the dishes away and stack them in the kitchen. The oven makes a fine hiding place for quite a number. Get the kitchen looking tidy too by popping the uneaten food back in the refrigerator, so that if people wander out for a drink they don't fall over dishes parked on every available space. A kitchen full of dishes is a depressing sight. Maybe you could plan your party so that the next day is the cleaning lady's day and then you could leave the dishes and when you have seen the last guest out, just empty the ashes, straighten the furniture and go to bed, as if a large staff was at your beck and call.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Yuletide Humors in Music

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

I WAS interested, in watching the audience foregather at the annual Christmas Box Concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, to note many faces that I never see at regular symphony concerts. They are of a class who are not interested in "Highbrow" music because they do not know how joyous much of it really is, but have found out that there is likely to be a good deal of fun when musicians relax. Most good musicians possess a deep-rooted sense of fun; it is only the third-raters who are dull. Sir Ernest MacMillan's humorous gifts and mimetic talent are proverbial among his friends. He demonstrated them years ago in one of the cleverest of Lord Dunsany's conceits, "The Silk Hat". And T.S.O. contains much other comic talent. Last week nearly everybody got a chance when Alexander Vassilievich Mossolof's symphonic piece "The Iron Foundry" was revived, with the men of the orchestra in overalls, the women in smocks and Sir Ernest conducting with a monkey wrench. I do not know whether Mossolof would have approved of the extra sound effects, as when organ pipes were removed and packing cases smashed on the stage, or of the fun created by the pause for an assault on the lunch boxes, but it was good fun.

It is probable that Mossolof, a young communist composer of Kiev, born within this century, intended his skilful and original attempt to harmonize noise to be taken seriously. He was perhaps unaware that his idea had been anticipated by the American composer John Alden Carpenter in the ballet and subsequent symphonic suite "Sky-Scrapers", in the score of which rivetting machines figure. The latter work was originally composed under a commission from Diaghileff, but was first presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926 when I had the privilege of seeing it. Now that bizarre types of ballet are all the rage, I wonder it is not revived.

Mossolof's "Iron Foundry" was first produced in 1930 as a feature of the International Festival of Modern Music, held at Liege, Belgium. It was an expression of Stalin's great plan for the industrialization of Russia, which brought Stalingrad into being. Stalin's plan, which has since contributed so much toward the world's salvation, was then causing a good deal of apprehension among fully industrialized nations who feared Russian competition. But poor Mossolof reckoned without his fellow communists. The Russians are brave and steadfast warriors, but in the period of 1930 their younger critics were writing fantastic rot about music. It was at this time that the music of Rachmaninoff, since restored to the eminence of a national hero, was banned as "bourgeois". Not long afterward Shostakovich was condemned as afflicted with the same taint, but got back into the Soviet Pantheon with his Fifth Symphony. Mossolof, who thought his "Iron Foundry" the last word in expressing the spirit of communistic progress, found himself denounced as "bourgeois" when, after arousing excitement in Belgium, the work was played in Russia. The score was described as "unorganized" (can his critics have been thinking of organized labor?) and its substance was dismissed as expressive only of "bourgeois anarchy". One is very much afraid that the same critics would still regard the piece, as dressed up by T.S.O. under a new title "Industry in Music", in the same light.

Taking the Christmas Box program as a whole, it held together well in speed and variety, despite its long list of episodes. The two that I enjoyed the most had a special appeal to musical habitues. One was Sir Ernest's impersonation of a 'cello soloist absolutely ignored by the conductor, which led to a most ingeniously devised climax. The other was Frances Marr's satirical sketch "The Church Soloist". Its fun lay in the singer's success in presenting a sedate singer taking herself very seriously; and also on the composition she sang, the aria "Art Thou Greater Than Our Father Jacob". Believe it or not, church-goers in days gone by had a great deal of this sort of thing inflicted on them. The aria comes from "The Woman of Samaria", by William Sterndale Bennett, typical of the many deadly oratories which gave a bad name to English music in the nineteenth century, since they were so banal and insipid that they produced a serious reaction even against their supposed inspirers, Handel and Mendelssohn. There were those who held that it would have been better if "Messiah" and "Elijah" had never been composed, because they had produced such a ghastly progeny.

—Photo by Karsh.

Controller Lewis Duncan's picture, according to the Association for a Better City, never appears in the Toronto daily newspapers. Obviously this is not because it would spoil the looks of the page. His name appears very often, but that is because a large part of the proceedings of Council consists of infuriated replies to his provocative sallies.

More Russian Choristers

Of recent years the public has been educated in the folk music and the religious music of Russia, both remarkably rich in interest, by the Don Cossack Choir under Serge Jaroff. Most of us supposed it to be the only organization of its kind in America, until another of equal merit appeared at Massey Hall last week. This is the General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus, directed by a very gifted conductor, Nicholas Kostrukoff. Though it numbers only twenty-five voices its tonal volume is astounding, and happily the tone is never raucous, always mellow and remarkably colorful, owing to the wide range of timbres in the personnel. In nearly all the numbers, liturgical and secular, the main theme was carried by a solo voice, with the rest providing an obligato that was beautiful both in pianissimo and forte passages. At least ten of the singers were soloists, some of fine quality. There was a lyric tenor of peculiarly appealing quality, a robust tenor whose tones had stirring resonance, and several noble voices of lower registers. A bass soloist in Gretchaninoff's "Credo" heard against a subdued choral background suggesting church bells, was typical of many concerted effects during the evening.

The singers relaxed in a way that made the hall ring with joviality in such numbers as "Sieny" and "Malania". Like Jaroff's group they were wonderful in Russian war songs, which have a wild frenzy quite unlike our own military songs. One was entitled "General Platoff's Song", the Cossack hero in whose honor the Chorus is named. By the way of divertissement the organization carries an unnamed male dancer, the most expert performer of his type one ever saw. His ease in the familiar squatting dances, and his tricks with daggers, left spectators breathless.

Myra Hess Fund

Every musical person by this time knows about the Myra Hess Fund, supporting concerts which have done so much to maintain the cause of music throughout the most trying period in London's long history. Faculty concerts organized in behalf of this Fund by the Toronto Conservatory of Music last season have been resumed. A notable feature from the outset has been the quality of the works heard. In common with many I find this especial pleasure in the sensitive and beautiful pianism of Margaret Parsons. There is something subtle and individual in it, not easily defined in words. Her fingers seem to caress the keys and evoke beauty. Her playing is never shadowy or blurred, and in works by Gluck and Haydn it was clean-cut and strict in rhythm. One of her numbers was a humorous paraphrase on the old tune, "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" by John Swinstead. Of late the pianist has advanced in emotional breadth and power, as was evident in Dohnanyi's Rhapsody in F sharp minor.

Greek troops with the British 8th Army in pursuit of Rommel join with a priest of their faith in praying for victory and freedom for Greece.

THE FILM PARADE

Year's End

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WELL, another year has come and gone and we have somehow survived and the Industry along with us. By all accounts it's been a tough season in Hollywood. Many of its best and brightest have gone off to the war, ceilings have been lowered on its glittering sets and salaries, stage and radio have been cutting in on its talent, a celluloid shortage threatens and the wardrobe departments have had to manage with rayon substitute instead of cloth-of-gold. On the international side Paramount studios have been haunted by a representative of the Spanish Government protesting fretfully at the Hemingway version of the late Spanish War. (Keep 'em rolling, Paramount, and let the bell toll for General Franco.) Walt Disney has stopped production on everything except Government orders, Clarke Gable has turned air gunner, the Marx Brothers have finally separated from their public and each other, Madame Garbo's single picture of the year turned out to be a sad error in judgment on everybody's part, and Shirley Temple, flowering suddenly into adolescence, faded just as suddenly in a couple of double billings.

The year however had its brighter side. There was "Mrs. Miniver." There was the revival, with modern improvements, of "The Gold Rush." There was also the fact that everybody now had plenty of pocket money so that the box office cash-register went jingle jangle jingle all year long and practically every picture was a holdover, including a number that could qualify better as hangovers. On the spectacle side there was Cecil B. de Mille's Giant Squid, the great fist fight in "The Spoilers" which must surely be the Armageddon of all screen fist fights, and the final conflagration in "The Forest Rangers" which just stopped short of burning down the principals along with the scenery. There were, besides, the war pictures, a great many of which were good, and the war-documentaries, all of which were better.

If some of the old faces were missing there were a lot of handsome new ones to take their places. In spite of the shortages as much celluloid as ever appeared to be flowing through the projection machines, and with all the fashion restrictions the stars were, if anything, better dressed than ever. Production went forward, with a fine high-gloss finish to cover up any losses and economies. If Hollywood's lean years are beginning to eat up the fat you'd never guess it from the 1942 product.

On the whole it was a pretty good average year in the Industry. There were undoubtedly the Ten Best Pictures, as well as the Ten Worst; but neither group seems outstanding enough to make the task of selection worth while. Just what will happen in 1943, it's a little hard to say. By next year Hollywood will really begin to feel the pinch, which may be a very good thing, since a pared-down budget is always a challenge to ingenuity. It will be interesting to see what a little sober budgeting will do for an industry that has always had a lot more money than was really good for it.

ONE of the year's brighter spots which turned up almost too late for the record was "Gentleman Jim," a fairly free screen translation of the early life of James J. Corbett. The film will come as a surprise to those who didn't know that Errol Flynn could box, as well as to those who were pretty sure he couldn't act. Mr. Flynn is tops here, both in the ring and out of it—in fact I don't know when I've been more surprised or better entertained. The picture itself turns the rather tiresome old game of Kidding the Nineties into a genuine rowdy delight. There's a slight element of romance (with Alexis Smith) but this isn't allowed to slow the action or pretty it up unduly. Old-time prize-ring fans who hold in loving memory every detail of the John L. Sullivan saga will get a lot of pleasure out of Ward Bond's performance as the great man. The less erudite will be sufficiently rewarded by Ward Bond.

"SEVEN SWEETHEARTS" is one of those Christmas shopping week specials which offers little more than the small relief of sitting down and taking the weight off your feet. A reporter with a camera (Van Heflin) turns up at a Dutch festival in Michigan and immediately gets involved with the Seven Sweethearts. The youngest (Kathryn Grayson) loves him but won't marry him because family tradition rules that the oldest must marry first. The oldest (Marsha Hunt) doesn't love him but chases him bow-legged for her own reasons. They're all musically talented and the plot wanders on, with starts and stops and solos, rather like choir practice but less interesting. I don't know how it all turned out because I left, after having wasted one and a half woman-hours, with the end perfectly apparent but still nowhere in sight.

ART AND ARTISTS

Artists' War Effort in the Making

BY R. S. LAMBERT

"IS ART above the Battle?", I asked in these columns a few weeks ago, apropos of the Royal Canadian Academy show. Further light on the question was shed when, with other members of the Writers, Artists and Broadcasters War Council, I accepted Curator Martin Baldwin's invitation to visit Toronto Art Gallery last week, and take part in an informal "Gallup poll" of artists on the merits of a collection of Canadian war posters sent down from Ottawa. It is not difficult to anticipate their verdict, which will help to explain why our artists are playing so small a part in Canada's war effort. They haven't been given much chance, and what chance they have had has been timidly used.

For the briefest glance round the exhibits shows that most of these posters entirely lack emotional fervor, whilst few rise above mediocrity of execution. At this feast the spectre of officialdom presided unchallenged. Here are conventional slogans, treated in "safe" and unimaginative style. Most of the artists commissioned were too far from the battlefields to succeed in pitting the urgency of their theme against the conventionality of their employer, the government. Consequently, they fall back, again and again, upon the traditions of the commercial poster. They vamp up a bit of sentimentality or frame a crudely materialist appeal to fear. Then they seek to cover up this emotional thinness by technical competence—but without success. For the public has seen this type of poster on its hoardings during twenty messy years of peace. It has acquired insensitivity to the advertiser's insincerity; so when he shakes out his old bag of tricks to meet the new war situation, no one turns a hair.

There are some posters in this exhibition that should be kept in Ottawa's "Chamber of Horrors" (if it has one) as awful warnings to future generations. Examples are "Careless Talk brings Tragedy in Wartime"—a cautionary tale told in the compartment style made familiar by B. O. advertising; and "Keep their Hands off Them", with its black skeleton Nazi claws clutching at a pink mother and baby. And for sheer inappropriateness, the prize should go to an attempt to sell Victory bonds by depicting a huge pair of eyes suspended (a la Cheshire Cat) in an azure cloud above a tank-strewn battlefield. However, let us also give praise where due. Eric Aldwinkle's two posters excel in artistic merit, and one of them is charged with real force. And a single poster, "It's Our War"—a brawny arm grasping a weapon of war—might be taken as a model for future efforts—simple, appropriate, virile and imperative.

IN THE self-righteous mood of citizens who have voted in a municipal election where none of the candidates arouse enthusiasm, we hurried from the War Posters to an adjacent room filled with Russian War Caricatures (in aid of the Canadian Aid to Russia Fund.) The Russian style has just the *right* kind of brutality—simple hammer-strokes at Nazi corruption, stupidity, lying and bestiality. Half-a-dozen different artists are represented, but their black-and-white or pen-and-wash technique has a nearly-uniform character. Some strive for humor, others for artistic excellence. For sardonic wit, it would be hard to beat "Virtue Not Its Own Reward", with its fat German *hausfrau* greeting her wounded officer husband home on sick leave with the taunt: "A pair of worn-out slippers, and a patched chemise, for all that time at the Eastern Front!—You coward, you pitiful coward!"

Several of the drawings pillory Nazi nervousness of guerrillas; the most side-splitting is the indelicate jibe in Boris Yefimov's "An Evening Stroll". You will also get full smile-value out of the "Gentleman's Gestapo Dressing-Case for Travelling Abroad"—complete with revolver, dagger, mask, handgrenade, rope, camera, syringe, drugs and pocket edition of *Mein Kampf*. For sheer artistry, it would be hard to beat the restrained simplicity of the fallen flowerpot in "In Occupied Czecho-Slovakia", on the subtlety of the equestrian statue "In Honor of German Friendship", with its fiendish Hitler, garbed as Teutonic Knight (style of the Alexander Nevsky film) riding an armored, blinkered Mussolini-warhorse champing a rose in its bridled mouth, and carrying its tail knotted into a bundle of fasces.

DON'T miss these Russian caricatures. They will supply the "it" which is so far missing from our Canadian war art. In the room next to the Russians hangs the work of four well-known Canadian artists, who have succeeded in getting permits to draw and paint in war factories. Mostly, like Carl Schaefer and Charles Goldhamer, they have used their time in carefully recording—in a shipyard, for instance—the fantastic shapes of half-completed mighty engines, and the crowded tangle of crankshafts, belts, steam hammers, with their human ministrants—riveters, fitters and the like. In this work, for all the skilful drawing, there is some danger of missing the wood for the trees. Leonard Brooks escapes this by using color in broad, strong washes, and by leaving interiors alone to concentrate on leviathan out-of-doors—slagheaps, harbors, slipways, cranes—always with an eye on the whole rather than the parts. There is beauty here, but again little to thrill the heart.

However, Messrs. Schaefer, Goldhamer, Brooks and Atkins point the way for their fellow artists. Beneath the surface a ferment of constructive discontent is going on. The Artists' Federation has presented the Government with a petition of grievances, said to be lying on Mr. Mackenzie King's desk, awaiting discussion with a deputation. The President of the O.S.A., Mr. Casson, tells me that he is planning to make the society's next spring exhibition a real demonstration of what Ontario artists have to offer the war effort. And the artists group in the W.A.B.W.C. are planning an ambitious co-operative project—murals on war themes, to be used to cover the blank walls of our public transportation buildings. Self-help and group action of this kind will bring the artist "into the war picture" more than many pages of resolutions and petitions.

AT THE Picture Loan Society (3 Charles St. West) Paraskeva Clark has been showing (again in aid of the Russian Fund) work she has produced during the past six years. Seeing her pictures together in one gallery makes you realize how much her work has been gaining in brilliance and subtlety. Here is an artist with rare gifts of rhythm and balance, clear-eyed and logical in her vision, skilfully selective in line and form, and ardently tone- and color-conscious. Mrs. Clark excels particularly in still life. She can handle a bowl of apples or a vase of crimson maple leaves with the magic which makes a combination of curtain, table-edge, flowers, and wall space assume inevitability as pattern, without losing an arresting flavor as subject. She has too a quality of gay vitality, present even when she attempts the most difficult subjects. For instance, she can impose her vigor and clarity upon some "Haliburton Landscape" painted even when its hills and trees lie torpid under the haze of a grilling midsummer sun. Again, she peers into the obscurity of a slender, tree-shaded waterfall, gushing out between boulders, and brings out the exotic jungle-pattern of shapes and hues, green, purple, brown, that lie buried in its depths. But sometimes whimsy seizes her, and she throws at you a bundle of civil-war knickknacks from Madrid, or a distorted perspective of Toronto City Hall. There is a touch of the propagandist here; but we prefer this artist in her more absolute mood, when she is adding to the sum total of human gaiety and sensitivity.

At the Art Club (11 Asquith) Anne Sanders has a group of flower paintings, done in tempera and watercolor, during her past three years' residence in Canada. Grace and delicacy are the keynotes to her work. She avoids bright colors, and prefers pastel shades of spring blossom, spring leaf, lilies, and so forth. Refined and decorative, these pictures will hang appropriately in light rooms with modern furnishings.

AN EVENING STROLL

Herr Ober-Lieutenant Von Pliashke is very much afraid of the guerrillas.

Drawing by Boris Yefimov.

IN OCCUPIED CZECHOSLOVAKIA

"I'd advise you to wear a steel helmet, Your Excellency. The population often meets us with flowers."

Drawing by Brodati.

SCANDALOUS!

"I have come to remove 5,000 wounded men, and you give me only one railroad car."

"Can't help it; the official report declares that only 65 men were wounded."

Drawing by Kanevsky.

In the opinion of SATURDAY NIGHT'S reviewer, these Russian War Caricatures have "it", something that is missing in equivalent Canadian art.

—Canadian Army Photo.

Not only in industry are Canadian women replacing men needed for the fighting services; shortage of medical men has opened opportunities for women doctors to serve in uniform with the Army. Here a group of them are seen at Camp Borden, Ontario, undergoing instruction in field medical services preparatory to being posted to centres across Canada.

LONDON LETTER

2,500,000 British Homes Rebuilt

BY P. O'D.

EVEN to people in the more heavily blitzed areas of this country it must have come as something of a shock to learn that over 2,750,000 houses have been damaged in air-attack since the war began. And this means houses, not shops or other buildings. Also it does not include those dwellings which suffered such slight damage as the breaking of windows. Little things like that simply don't count.

Only the other day a friend of mine heard that his old mother's house had just been damaged in an air-raid. He hurried over in a panic to find the old lady—she is nearly ninety — sitting up in bed with a shawl around her shoulders and a tray of tea beside her. All about her was broken glass, fallen pictures, and a general state of minor wreckage. But she refused indignantly his suggestion that she should come and live with him until her house was put right again.

"I have slept in this bedroom for more than fifty years," she said, "and I am not going to have horrible people like that put me out of it." And there she stayed.

Of this immense, this appalling number of damaged houses only 250,000 are now unoccupied, and only 100,000 of these have been torn down as beyond repair. That is surely one of the most amazing achievements of the war on the Home Front. Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Health, had every reason to point to it with pride, as he did at a recent conference in London.

"It is one of the very fine stories of the war," he said, "one of the major successes of the local authorities, achieved amidst all their other troubles and responsibilities."

If there is anything that the average Englishman, in the exercise of his traditional right to grumble, chooses more often than another as the object of complaint and contempt, it is the besotted stupidity, the stagnant self-complacency of his local authorities. He may on occasion praise the Government of the day, but hardly ever do you hear him say a good word for the people who run the little town or the rural district in which he lives.

And yet, with all sorts of other duties thrust upon them, with an almost universal shortage of labor and material, they accomplish a gigantic task of this sort. Not just in highly organized centres like London or the great Provincial cities, but here, there, and everywhere throughout the country! It is a truly astonishing performance. Salute to aldermen, my lads! For once, it is coming to them.

A Real London Fog

People who commiserate with Londoners on the chilly horrors of a London fog are acting under a kindly misapprehension. However much Londoners may curse the fogs, they are really proud of them. The thickest, dirtiest, darkest fogs in the world, sir, and where will you find the like of them? So when you bump into a London friend — and when I say "bump," I mean bump—groping about in a world of cotton-wool colored with soot and perfumed with petrol, don't be too sympathetic or too querulous about it. Like as not he will snort in contempt and say, "What! Call this a fog? Why, when I was a boy . . ." And it is always a very long and very old story.

As a matter of fact, there is more than mere perverted sentiment in the Londoner's lament for the bigger and better fogs of other days—or the fatter and filthier fogs, if you like. Anyone who has ever groped his way around London in a real "London ordinary," a true "pea-souper," must be aware of the mystery and fascination of those roaring tides of traffic stricken to silence and immobility, of familiar streets made strange and bewildering, so that you can lose yourself within a few hundred yards of your own home, of the figures that loom up suddenly beside you in the thick mist and are as quickly lost again to view. It is an impressive experience.

Well, the fogs have come back—one fog, at any rate. Only the other day London was wrapped in a fog so thick and so dark, that even the most obstinate upholder of the superior nastiness of the fogs that used to be must have been reduced to choking silence. You could hardly see your own feet on the pavement.

As evening drew down, with the black-out to emphasize it, visibility became practically nil. Here and there a taxi crawled along with men walking beside it with torches—and none too safe even at that! Otherwise nothing moved in the street except the groping pedestrians.

Just for once, it was the real thing, the London fog of one's dreams—or one's nightmares. I hope everyone was satisfied, especially the Canadian and American soldiers who were seeing it for the first time. Now they know.

FINANCE
INSURANCE

THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 26, 1942 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

Some Stock Market Considerations for 1943

BY W. A. McKAGUE

Though peace has already appeared as a factor to be discounted in the market, we are not yet at the time when its date can be guessed, so that the general trend continues to reflect the war news. Since gold mining is our most distinctively peace industry, the market appraisal of the gold stocks is particularly susceptible to the conflict of war and peace sentiment.

Much will also depend upon the way the conversion from war to peace is handled, but the probabilities are that the governments will maintain a high rate of expenditures and perhaps indulge in a measure of inflation in order to get people back into civilian life before they are cut off from the public payroll.

WHAT are the market prospects for 1943? The question can not be approached without some kind of opinion regarding the probable duration of the war. The year 1942 established this one point of vast importance—the United Nations will win the war; what was formerly a hope on our part has become a virtual certainty, justified by the stand of Russia, the persistent spirit of Britain, the successful invasion of North Africa by an American force within a year of the United States' entry into the war, and the halt to Japanese expansion in the Pacific.

While this foretells the way the war will end, it does not bring us one whit nearer to setting the date. If the United Nations are to carry out their avowed intent of utterly defeating the Axis, then we face the prospect of at least two years more of bitter fighting. At some later stage, the date of peace should become a factor to be discounted in the market, but a year from now it may still be beyond even guesswork.

It therefore seems reasonable to forecast 1943 as a year of total war in the fullest sense of the term. That is, we will be fighting and working to the utmost of our ability and with the utmost confidence, yet without knowledge of the duration of the struggle.

Volume of business, therefore, should be at a peak and also it should be concentrated to a greater degree than ever before on war. Civilian consumption is almost sure to show a decline. That has direct significance to the market. It means that war stocks should continue as good as activity and profits can make them, in this stage of regulation and taxation, while peace stocks should deteriorate.

Market Looks Ahead

These qualifications, however, refer to earnings more than to market prices. The market tries to look ahead, and already has a windward eye on that undetermined time in the future when the sword will again be turned into the ploughshare. These conflicting influences are capable of swinging the market back and forth according to the war news, even though we all hold the fundamental view that we will win the war, and though we are not at any time able to say when we will win it.

Just here, however, let us remember that there is no clear dividing line between war and peace stocks. Out of several hundred stocks on the Canadian markets one would have difficulty in selecting either a dozen which could be said to be exclusively of the war variety, or a score that could be termed wholly peace stocks. The reason is, this is a total and not merely a munitions war. Butter and guns are not alternatives, but essentials.

About all we can say is that certain concerns or industries may be restricted because of the war, while certain others are likely to lose in importance when it is over. Some seeming frivolities, like movies and candy, are deemed essential to the morale of the people. We might cut out Banff and Murray Bay, but if we

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

George W. Spinney

BOSS of the Bank of Montreal at 53—from junior to president of Canada's senior bank in 36 years . . . no Horatio Alger success story this, but a career built on brains and hard work—a triumph won the hard way.

George Wilbur Spinney is about as far removed from the proverbial financial mogul as he is from the knotty-headed Hottentot. The new office which he occupies behind those century-old pillars on Place d'Armes in Montreal will seem austere as you step into it; the bespectacled, rather thick-set gentleman at the shiny mahogany desk may seem a bit stern.

Do not be over-awed; do not be deceived. Here is a very plain and unaffected man at work, and a happy man, too. For George Spinney is happiest when he is surrounded with jobs whether it is driving to success one of his country's Victory Loans, running a campaign to raise funds for the community chest or a hospital, or working out the destinies of Canada's oldest bank.

His voice is deep, commanding—an inheritance perhaps from the seafaring stock of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from which he springs, or maybe it is symptomatic of an iron will. But watch his eyes. They dance. Then his lips. They have a way of curling in anticipation of a jest. You won't realize it till you know him better, but here lies one of the most potent factors in his success.

Giving his sense of humor a chance is the way George Spinney relaxes tension when things are coming at him thick and fast. He doesn't dodge things. He's not good at dodging, because his thinking is sincere—his mental processes too direct for beating about the bush. He fits laughter to his task, to gather strength for the next job—as an antidote to effort. And effort with G. W. S. is frequently an affair that starts at 9 a.m. and finishes at midnight—specially during Victory Loan. He is, in fact, the epitome of that truism: if you want a job well done, give it to a busy man.

How he has time for living outside of finance at the B. of M. and finance at Ottawa isn't easy to see. Yet George Spinney is a family man through and through. He is devoted to his wife, who frequently accompanies him on his business trips, and he is great pals with his two daughters and a son who is a sub-lieutenant in the Navy. And he is constantly amazing people with his religious proclivities. A churchman and a good one; but what stumps his friends is his uncanny knowledge of Holy Writ.

Just the other day an old friend, stricken for some time with an affliction of the eye, announced with a deal of joy that the scales which obscured the vision of one eye had fallen away. On hearing the news, G. W. S., with that inevitable twinkle in his eyes, dryly remarked to one of his colleagues that he hoped the stricken man had been baptized following his deliverance, and quoted Acts 9, verse 18, relating to St. Paul's conversion: "And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales; and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."

George Spinney is one who brooks no failure. Why everything he touches is successful is no mystery. He thinks clearly and sincerely—can't be bothered with clap-trap—is enormously human in his reactions—has an unfailing sense of humor—and sees the other fellow's point of view as clearly as his own, which makes him eminently tactful and approachable. And, of course, there is that rather important ingredient called hard work.

It is because of these few simple virtues, which most of us find hard to come by, that George Spinney does such a good job—why people love to work with him—why they all so readily submerge their own personal interests, in the bigger and broader job which their boss, G. W. S., is trying to do, either at his bank or at his country's capital.

A visitor in the office of the Bank of Montreal's new president, the writer saw his desk piled high with cables, telegrams and letters of congratulation. His assistant reported there was a fresh flood each day: the messages came in hundreds from friends not only from Halifax to Victoria but from people in many parts of the United States, Central and South America, and the Empire, felicitating this man of finance on his latest achievement.

His latest achievement, but not his last—for, at 53, George Spinney is in his prime . . . he will tell you he feels 33; and it is plain to see he has just really started doing things.

Bigger, more powerful and boasting a four-bladed propeller, one of the new Spitfire fighter planes now in use with the RAF is pictured here. Speed and horsepower of the new fighter are military secrets, but it is powered by the Rolls-Royce Merlin "61" engine instead of the Merlin "45" or "46". It carries two cannon and four machine guns in the wings.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Absenteeism Can Be Licked!

BY P. M. RICHARDS

CAMPAIGNS to reduce absenteeism in Canadian war industries are getting results, particularly in certain plants, but on the average production losses from this cause are still high enough to make absenteeism one of Canada's biggest manpower headaches. Only a month ago it was reported that enough man-hours were being lost in Canadian shipyards each week to build more than two 10,000-ton freighters. Absentations from work in a huge small-arms plant ran for a while as high as 13.84 per cent daily; then, as the result of a campaign of education of the workers, the figure was cut to 7 per cent. But there are 1,200,000 workers in Canada's munitions plants and other war-essential industries, and a 7 per cent absentee average across the country would still mean a loss of 84,000 man-hours daily. Obviously 7 per cent isn't good enough.

Many reasons are given for these occasional absentations from work. A frequent stated cause is the inability of new workers, particularly women, to stand the physical strain; another is the desire to avoid the increased income tax which results from wage income passing a certain level; in other cases the causes are given as poor working conditions, bad housing, or unsatisfactory transportation to and from work. But many are due to no more than a desire to take a holiday and spend some of the big wartime wages being earned.

A Job of Morale-Building

While some of these troubles call for special adjustments, the last-named is wholly a matter of education and morale-building. In Britain and the United States, where absenteeism is likewise a major problem, morale-building campaigns of various types are being used, with varying degrees of success. But the most successful drive to date has been put on by a Canadian firm, Thompson Products Ltd., a large munitions producer at St. Catharines, Ont. Absenteeism for the whole plant during the month of November was only 1.34 per cent for all causes, down from 2.9 per cent in October. Most interesting is the fact that the campaign was based on a new and psychologically sound principle, which was to have the pressure to stay at work applied by fellow-workers instead of by management.

J. C. Wilson, vice-president of Thompson Products, and W. E. C. McCauley, the firm's advertising counsel, mapped out the plan. They decided that individual workers have generally much more regard for the good opinion of the men who work beside them than for that of the management. So they got the Employees' Association to sponsor their plan and left the management out of it.

The keynote of the campaign was a cartoon showing workers making unpleasant remarks about the fellow-employee "who worked for Adolf yesterday" and "let the gang down" by not coming to work. A giant replica of this cartoon, which was used in a prize puzzle contest to point the moral, was placed at the employees' entrance to serve as a constant reminder.

Putting It Up to Employees

A.W.L. (absent without leave) boards were installed for every division of the plant, and daily and monthly records of absences shown. A letter signed by the president of the Employees' Association and placed on all A.W.L. boards emphasized that "man-hours lost mean fighting machines lost and machines lost mean lives lost," and "that men must die in northern Africa and before Stalingrad for lack of machines are matters that the 'A.W.L.' must reconcile, if he can, with his own conscience."

A master absentee score board, ten feet by six, shows the comparative standing of the five divisions, with five sets of cut-out figures representing workers pushing trucks in one direction and absentee teams headed by Axis leaders pushing against them. As absenteeism in each division goes up or down a half of one per cent, a figure is transferred from one side to the other. An Attendance Flag is held for a month by the division having the fewest "A.W.L.'S."

There are prizes for monthly attendance competitions between the various divisions consisting of War Savings Certificates in the ratio of one five-dollar certificate to each 15 workers in the winning division, winners being determined by draw and awards being made only to workers who have stuck to their jobs.

The Thompson campaign has resulted in production in this plant rising more than 40% over July. Illustrating the keenness of the workers, one division making valves which had never before produced more than 14,000 valves in a single day, set a new high first at 19,000; and a month later reached 23,000.

The designers of this most effective campaign worked on the principle that absenteeism can best be dealt with by the employees themselves, given proper guidance; that 95 per cent of the employees were responsible men and women and that the thing to do was to get the 95 per cent to take care of the 5 per cent. Results indicate that they have found the answer to the problem of war-work absenteeism.

do so it will be because the transportation companies concerned therewith have all the business they can handle anyway.

The Gold Mines

On the other hand there won't be the same activity in steel when the war is over, nickel and aluminum may have to go back to sales promotion, and wool will likely be in supply.

Of course we have one industry which is of great market importance and which is distinctly in the peace category, and that is gold mining.

Though earlier in the war it was actually encouraged because of its export value, once the United States entered the war and the North American economy was merged into one, new gold became superfluous in view of the vast surplus already held. The governmental problem has been how to preserve the industry intact and at the same time withdraw men and materials from it without wrecking the communities or the lives which it sustains. Gold mining must remain a casualty for the duration of the war, but how serious a casualty will depend upon how pressing are the needs of the war program itself.

And marketwise, a fair number of traders already are willing to accumulate gold stocks for the longer pull, as was evident during some recent weeks. The gold stocks provide a field in which the bearish sentiments of the near outlook oppose the bullish influence of the long view, and if our earlier reasoning was right, then the trend of the gold stocks should reflect the guess-work in which the public indulges from time to time on the basis of the war news.

It is reasonable to expect that most of the farsighted buyers will carry their new acquisitions through any intermediate weaknesses but against this is the probability that some older investors will be inclined to sell every time there is bad news or more restrictions, so that the gold stocks face the prospect of successive declines interspersed with firm to higher spells of accumulation.

The Conversion Period

The consideration of war versus peace stocks is further affected by our individual opinions concerning the way in which our war economy will be converted into one of peace.

To do this, we do not have to satisfy ourselves completely as to what kind of a social system we will have in the post-war period. Whether we are to have a restoration of rugged individualism, or swing right over to state socialism, or try to find our Arcadia in a compromise between the two, we at least look forward to replacing the tanks and the planes and the guns by motor cars and furniture and clothing in the production lines; the question is whether private enterprise or governmental bureaucracy will mould the patterns and set the pace.

Destroying U-boats as they re-fuel in their shelters of steel and concrete has become a daily activity of U.S. Air forces in their Flying Fortresses. Here is a bomb from one of these huge aircraft as it falls to its target, the Lorient U-boat base in Brittany, during one recent daylight attack.

Of course if we are to go the whole way there is no problem of market selection since there will be no market, and all present owners will become mere creditors of the state through the expropriation of their capital enterprises. But short of that extreme there is the more probable prospect of a publicly-controlled framework within which private enterprise will operate with considerable variation in return to both the management and the investor.

It is evident that so long as investment return is contingent upon earnings, one wants to be in enterprises which enjoy healthy patronage, and insofar as public policy may intervene it becomes equally essential to confine holdings to those that have the blessing of the state. Since we can not as yet visualize the aspirations of whatever Canadian government may be in power in the conversion period, we are forced to centre our attention on those industries which provide goods and services which are essential and for which at the same time there should be sufficient pent-up demand to maintain activity even when war orders are closed out.

Automobile Industry

A specific example is the automobile industry. It has an assured role for the duration of the war, while the depreciation of years is creating a gap which will become a vast and effective demand just as soon as savings are released from the duty of war finance, and materials and labor again become available for civilian use.

The automobile is so firmly ensconced in our way of life that the potential market is governed only by our personal budgets. Any reconstruction scheme that fails to effect a big volume out of this unusual combination of demand and supply would most likely be a failure in every way.

Indeed this line of thought may be pursued a step farther, by pointing out that an industry which is active in war and which is almost certain to be active through the immediate post-war years has the advantage of continuous plant maintenance, labor supply and probable efficiency, whereas one which may have to virtually start up again will have these hurdles to overcome. Adequate working capital is essential in either case, but as a rule it is more likely to be available in the former than in the latter.

Thus the automobile companies should have money from war contracts coming in while they switch over to production of cars from the 1942 patterns which they already have on hand, and earnings from this latter business again should finance them through the time when they are producing new designs.

Rubber, Oil

The rubber companies are in just about the same position, since they are maintaining production through war orders.

The oil industry will probably keep sound enough insofar as refining is concerned, but the end of the war may see the normal distributing machinery disorganized and depleted.

This is merely suggestive of the kind of reasoning that may be applied to the task of choosing securities in the present stage of the war. In the complex mass of modern industry there will be many of which no clear picture can be visualized. Things which are unnaturally restricted through rations (and there may be many more of these besides sugar, tea, coffee and gasoline) and the still wider range of goods which will be cut off because of curtailed raw materials, reveal the possibilities of accumulated demand.

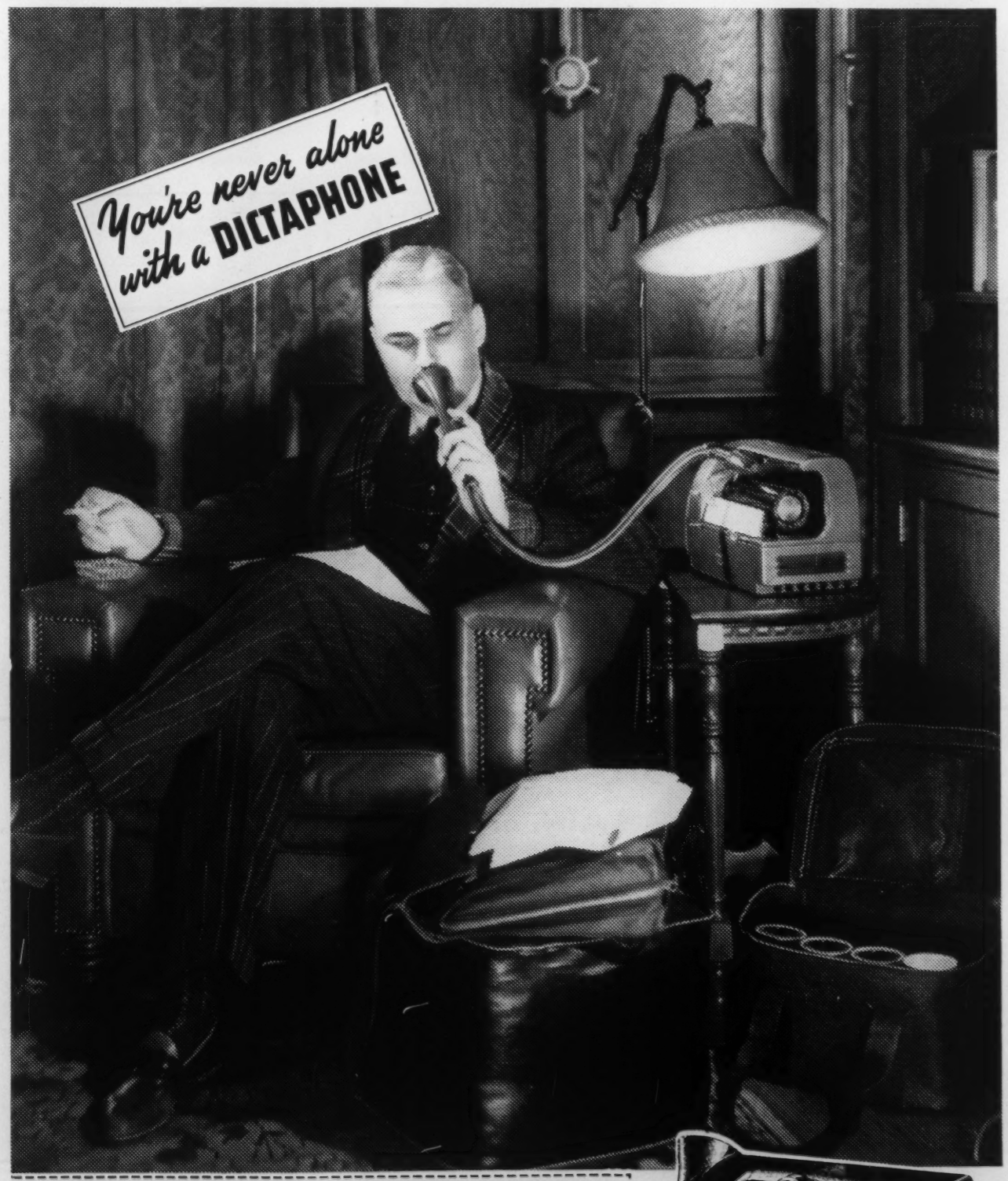
A lot will depend upon how far general business activity is sustained during the conversion period. If the government undertakes to finance all those who now draw their living from it, right up to the time when they are established in civilian life with full earning power, then the restoration of civilian business at the very same time can be financed only by inflation measures, since the same amount of money and credit can not do two jobs at once. That is a live possibility, especially if the present program of rigid price stability is maintained through the war itself.

If Trend Deflationary

On the other hand if the post-war trend should be deflationary, then the placement of ex-soldiers and war-workers in civilian industry would be a slow process accompanied by declining profits and wages. In the present state of public opinion there is a powerful case for continued governmental employment and financing through that period, putting up to industry the stupendous job of expanding civilian operations while practically all of the profits of enterprise are being drained off through taxation and compulsory savings.

Possibly the substitution of some inflationary measure for the compulsory savings would of itself release enough earnings to stimulate reconstruction, for by this procedure we would at least retain the widespread distribution of purchasing power which is the main feature of our present wartime economy.

Head-hunting Nagas of the Burma-India frontier: a terror to the Japs, many now fight as guerillas in company with British and Indian patrols.



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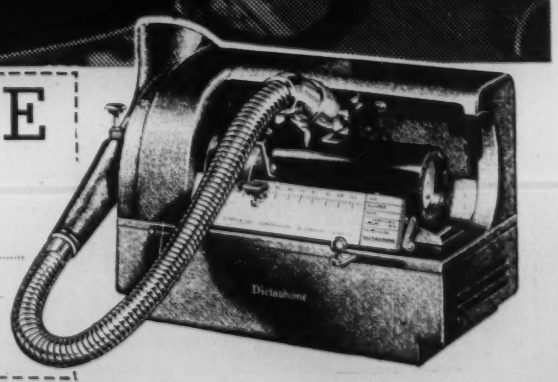

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

GENERAL STEEL WARES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am interested in General Steel Wares, and though I know that you will not have the company's annual financial statement for 1942 yet, it occurs to me that you may be able to tell me something about the results of operations this year. I would particularly like to have your opinion as to whether the current dividends are likely to be covered by earnings, and information as to dividends paid this year and the situation in respect of taxes.

—W. M. H., Fredericton, N.B.

I understand that dividends paid by General Steel Wares Limited are well covered by earnings and that the company's 1942 operations have established another new high in business volume. This is expected to run well ahead of 1941, which itself showed a new high level of operating profits of $1,974,639, up nearly $400,000 from the previous year, and altogether the highest in the company's history. Operations are carried on in seven plants, two in Toronto, two in London and one each in Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. A very high percentage is connected with war equipment.

While net operating profits will be substantially higher, although not in relation to the increase in volume on account of higher costs, the income and excess profits taxes are certain to show a very considerable increase and this may well offset the greater part of the improvement in net operating revenue. The combined income tax levy had risen from $137,500 in 1939 and $299,500 in 1940 to $440,000 in 1941, and the 1942 total is certain to be sharply up again. In addition to the tax that normally would be added on account of the larger operating profits being shown in 1942, the company will come under the new provision in the 1942 Budget, limiting net profits to 70% of "standard" profits—applicable to the second half of the current year.

In any event, there would appear to be no doubt as to the earnings being adequate to cover dividend dis-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

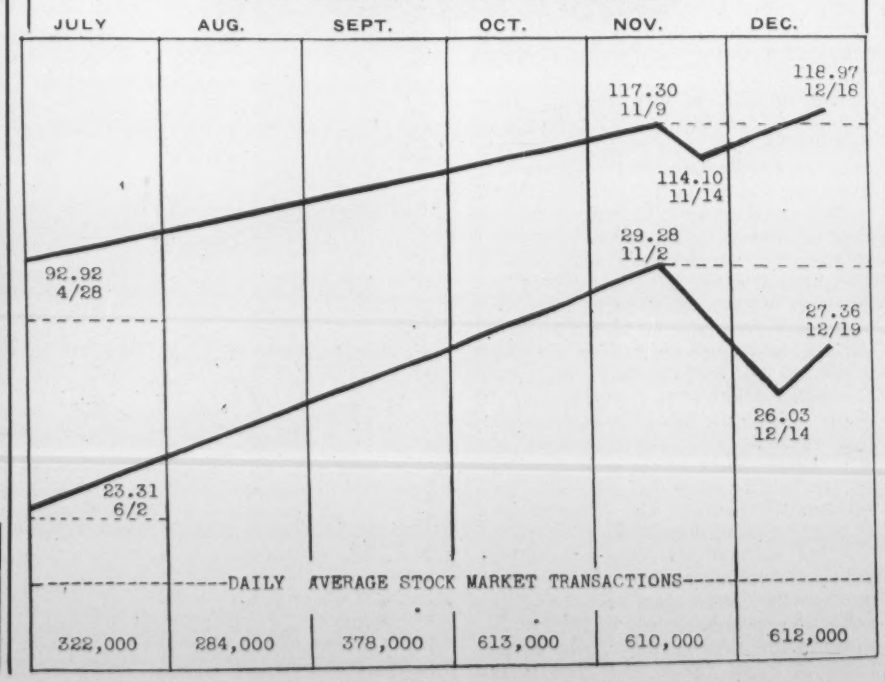
FAVORABLE YEAR-END DEVELOPMENTS MAY INFLUENCE EARLY 1943

During the previous week the industrial list on the New York stock market entered into new high ground for the year, breaking a precedent of thirteen years' standing. Indeed, there have been but four previous occasions in the past twenty-two years when industrial stocks made the year's peaks in December, namely, 1921, 1924, 1927, and 1928. Each of these four years was succeeded by rather substantial advance during some part or all of the year that followed and the present December new highs may constitute another happy augury. In any event, this strength bears out the opinion expressed herein last week to the effect that tax selling in American markets, in direct contrast to its effect of the past several years, would probably bear lightly on the stock market over the closing weeks of 1942, thereby allowing the market latitude to respond to general developments.

Among the factors of a general nature that are present in the market's year-end background are to be included (1) the wresting of initiative away from the Axis as demonstrated by developments in Russia, North Africa, and the South Pacific, (2) revolt by a growing number of voters, as well as Congress, against New Dealism, (3) continuation of the creeping inflation. This is a much stronger picture, stock-marketwise, than the gloomy war developments that were present at the time the year 1941 was being ingloriously ushered out. Just as the weight of 1941's closing adverse developments carried over into the early months of 1942's stock market, the possibility should not be overlooked that the weight of 1942's closing favorable developments may carry over into the early part of 1943.

In terms of the Dow-Jones industrial average, the market is now finally working into the 120/125 area projected by these Forecasts, some seven months back when the current intermediate advance was just getting under way. This area, in our opinion, is a possible, though not certain, zone where sufficient resistance to further immediate advance may be encountered to suggest sales of stocks as being advisable, from an intermediate standpoint. So far, however, technical evidences as to the advisability of selling have not been discerned.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED payable January 2nd, 1943 to Shareholders of record at close of Business December 15th, 1942.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY
QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after

2ND JANUARY 1943

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

3rd December, 1942.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
DIVIDEND NO. 210

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two per cent (2%) has been declared for the quarter ending 30th January, 1943, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 1st day of February next, to shareholders of record of 31st December, 1942.

By order of the Board.
H. T. JAFFRAY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 16th December, 1942.

Guaranty Trust
COMPANY OF CANADA

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1¼%, being at the rate of 5% per annum on the paid-in capital stock of the Company, has been declared for the quarter year ending December 31st, 1942, payable January 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business December 31st, 1942.

By Order of the Board.

J. WILSON BERRY,
GENERAL MANAGER.

bursements by an ample margin. During the year two dividends have been paid on the common amounting to 50 cents a share, the same as was paid in December 1941 for last year and comparing with earnings of 70 cents last year. The 1941 dividend was the first that had been paid on that stock. During the current year, the preferred stock has received 53 cents in addition to the regular $7 per share that has been declared, the extra covering the full participation with the common shown in earnings for 1941.

MAJOR MOLYBDENITE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please give me all the information you can about the shares of Major Molybdenite Mines as a security investment, and the general prospects for the company.

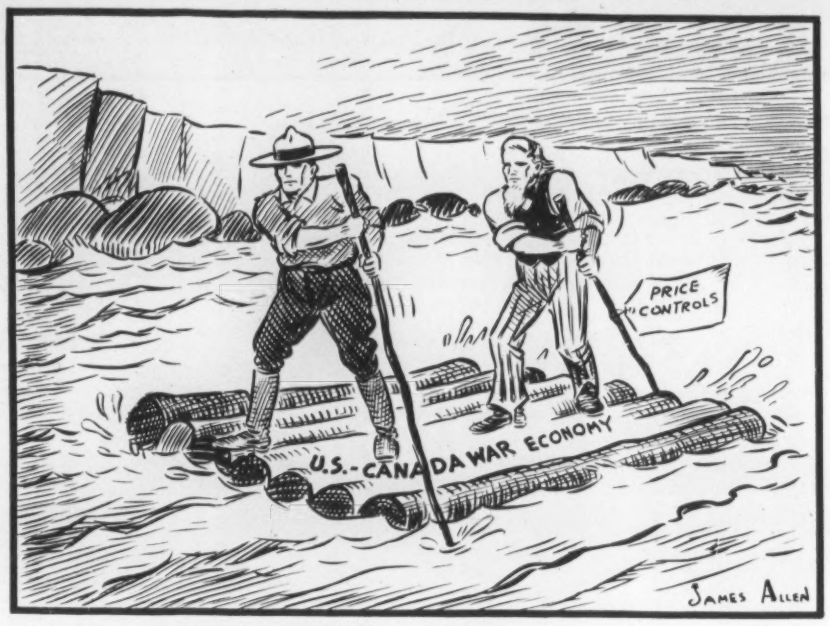
—R. H., Port Arthur, Ont.

Major Molybdenite Mines was recently incorporated, with a capitalization of 1,000,000 shares, to take over the Mount St. Patrick Molybdenite Prospecting Syndicate property of 500 acres in Renfrew County, Eastern Ontario, about 11 miles from the Zenith mine, under operation by the Government. Of the capitalization 430,000 shares are issued. The Ontario Security Commission announces that 29,995 shares were sold at five cents per share and an option given on 570,000 shares,—170,000 at 5 cents; 200,000 each at 10 and 15 cents per share.

The holdings include the old O'Brien Molybdenite property, which was a large producer of molybdenite during the last war. Plans for extensive operations are being put into effect and will be directed by Mining Research Corp. I understand ore is to be shipped to the Zenith plant or some other government agency.

Molybdenite is in demand for war purposes and new sources of supply are being actively sought in Canada, as the substitution of molybdenum for other alloy metals has greatly increased its consumption. Canada's output has been small and scattered since the last war but there are said to be numerous occurrences and deposits throughout the country, and while these are small individually, it is believed possible a substantial tonnage could be secured by combining the development of a number of these and shipping to central concentrators.

The management is capable but the shares by no means can be regarded as a "security investment," being rather quite speculative. It is not possible to appraise the prospects for a strategic mineral venture, the same as if it were a gold mine, so little advice can be tendered as to its speculative merit. To be determined are the grade and extent of the deposit, cost of recovery, treatments necessary, and the expense of marketing them. Undoubtedly, there are chances for large speculative profits in different directions in the development of war minerals, as long as the war demand continues, but the problems facing their production remain somewhat complex.



IT TAKES TWO TO KEEP THE RAFT AFLOAT!

STANDARD CLAY PRODUCTS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am the owner of a 6 per cent first mortgage and refunding bond of Standard Clay Products Ltd. which is supposed to be payable on December 2, 1942, but nothing has been done about payment. Can you give me any information?

—H. S. F., Halifax, N.S.

Bondholders of Standard Clay Products Limited unanimously approved a plan for extension of ten years of the maturity of the 6% first mortgage bonds that were to fall due on December 2. These bonds were issued to amount of $750,000 in 1912 and the amount outstanding is $457,900. It was found impossible under war conditions to refinance the maturing issue and a 10-year extension was decided upon. No opposition was offered to the plan at the meeting.

ALDERMAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have held some Aldermac Copper shares for a long time but have not kept in touch with the situation at the property and would like the latest information you have as to its prospects.

—J. L. P., Toronto, Ont.

With the likelihood that ore reserves will be exhausted within the next six or seven months and the fact that extensive exploration has apparently eliminated all chances for discovering new ore, the prospects for Aldermac Copper Corporation are none too promising. The management of the company is aggressive and every effort has been made to secure a new property, but so far without success. The company has had several parties in the field and any likely looking bets have been thoroughly explored.

Most of the profit has been coming from the sale of pyrite, while the copper production has just about paid all the expenses of keeping the mine going, shipping, and smelting charges, etc. Some time ago all exploration and development was discontinued and operations confined to mining out the remaining ore. Extensive exploration was carried out in recent years and diamond drilling done to 1,000 feet below the present bottom level without meeting with worthwhile encouragement. At the beginning of 1942 it was estimated ore reserves would last for 16 months.

The copper produced is low grade but the company has been able to extract this at a profit because of the active demand for pyrite and the efficiency of the management in keeping costs at a low figure. At the beginning of the year net working capital was approximately $330,000, but to this must be added the profit made this year and the salvage value of the plant.

HIRAM WALKER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Now that liquor sales are restricted, I suppose Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts profits will be reduced. What do you think? Also some information re results in the last fiscal year would be appreciated.

—A. B. F., Montreal West, Que.

The new restrictions on liquor sales in Canada will certainly mean a reduction in sales and profits for the distillery companies, and it comes on top of the complete diversion of production to industrial alcohol for war purposes as from November 1 last. However, there is the fact that such companies as Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts and Distillers Corp.-Seagrams do the bulk of their business in the United States through wholly-owned distilling and distributing subsidiaries. Also, the curb on Canadian sales and the dilution of alcoholic content will operate to prolong the life of present inventories.

As regards results of Hiram Walker-Gooderham & Worts' operations in the fiscal year which ended August 31 last, the annual report showed a sharp increase in sales and a moderate rise in net income to a new record despite income tax provision that was more than doubled. Net sales of the company improved from $102,156,227 to $150,492,421, production of war materials and increases in the excise tax rates on distilled spirits in the United States and Canada, as well as increased volume, being responsible. Net income was $7,123,579, equal after preferred dividends to $9.07 per share common, a new high level and comparing with $8.78 per share the previous year and $7.60 per share two years ago. This was after providing for an increase in income and excess profits taxes from $4,129,271 to $9,118,337 and setting aside $1,500,000 for contingencies.

J. M. CONSOLIDATED

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate a little information as to the future prospects of J. M. Consolidated, of which I hold a small block. Is there any market at present for the stock?

—R. A. G., Montreal, Que.

J. M. Consolidated is idle at present and new finances are required if the possibilities of the property are to be further investigated but I would not regard the outlook as at all promising. The property has had two good tests which failed to meet with success.

Inability to continue operations at a profit and the fact that the available ore was all exhausted led to suspension of all work about three years ago. Some drilling was subsequently done, however, this did not offer any encouragement and no activity has been reported since the spring of 1941, when the company ran out of funds.

I understand that proceeds from the sale of part of the equipment has cleared off the liabilities and at last report considerable equipment was yet to be sold. As at January 31, 1942, cash in bank amounted to $2,690, supplies were valued at $2,959, and accounts payable $1,647.

Unlisted brokers state that shares are offered at one cent with a bid of one-half cent.

Penmans Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1943.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of January, 1943.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share; payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
December 21, 1942.

James W. Westaway, of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, who has been elected President of The Life Underwriters Association of Toronto for the year 1943.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, **The Canadian Weekly**

About Insurance

The Problem of Insuring Public Property

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It is true that most of our municipal and provincial authorities are convinced that it is the part of wisdom to insure public buildings with the insurance companies instead of experimenting with self-insurance, which simply means going without any insurance at all on such structures.

But it must be admitted that insurance on public property is often placed in a haphazard manner, and that if the authorities are concerned about securing the most value for the taxpayers' money they must divorce their insurance transactions from politics and put them on a sound, strict business basis.

IT IS well recognized that the distribution of the insurance carried on public property by a municipality or province among the various insurance agents in the community is a perplexing problem. The solution adopted in the State of Montana was dealt with a short time ago in an address by the Commissioner of Insurance of that State, Hon. John J. Holmes. In the recent letting of the insurance coverage on State owned property, the distribution was made to all licensed companies in ratio to the premium tax paid to the State of Montana by each of the said licensed companies.

This procedure divorced the placing of insurance from the realm of political patronage and put it on a strictly business basis. The State assumed no jurisdiction over the licensed companies as to how the amounts allocated to them were to be divided among the various licensed agents. So far as the State of Montana was concerned, the distribution among the agents was a company problem.

In the current insurance contract of this State there is a reduction in the rate from 78 cents to 47.6 cents per $100. While the Commissioner does not claim that the adoption of the new procedure was solely responsible for this drop, he says that this action, together with other good business methods followed in allotting the insurance coverage, did bring about the establishment of the new rate, which represents a saving of about $45,000 in insurance costs.

Security and Low Cost

There is no doubt that the property of a city or province constitutes a trust given by the people to the municipal or provincial officials, and that a duty rests upon them to obtain insurance coverage at as low a rate as is consistent with the necessary security, which is the paramount consideration. It is also obvious that municipal and provincial officials cannot properly administer their trust unless they have a clear conception of the application of sound insurance practices to the risks they are insuring.

While a large amount of insurance may be carried on a public building, what is recoverable in case of a loss is the actual cash value at the time of the fire of the property destroyed. Therefore public officials who place insurance must be acquainted with the insurable value of the risks they have in charge and insure them for no more than their established insurable value, if they would avoid over insurance, which would mean paying out money for which no value is received.

How are public officials to ascertain the insurable value of the property in their keeping? This may be done by having an appraisal made of the property. In his address, Commissioner Holmes referred in this connection to the League of California Cities, which reached the conclusion that reasonable, reliable insurable values of property could be arrived at in one of these three ways:

"1. From the original contract price of the building, making proper deductions for depreciation and, of course, adjusting for appreciation.

"2. By applying a cost factor per square foot of floor area or per cubic foot of volume, providing the estimate is made by competent persons who apply a known cost factor to a specific building after ascertaining floor area or cubic content and giving due consideration to the structure as regards shape of building, exterior walls, partitions, ceiling heights, roof arrangements, etc.

Quantitative Survey

"3. By making a quantitative survey of the building. This involves a detailed quantitative analysis of all elements entering into the structure. By applying unit prices for each of the items in place, the then present value of the structure may be accurately evaluated. The in-place cost, of course, includes such items as costs of material, labor, equipment, cartage, installation, overhead and labor efficiency. The reliability and provability of such an appraisement is obvious, but in most municipalities the expense of this type of appraisement is not justified by the additional accuracy over other methods."

It is emphasized, however, that whatever system is used, the appraisement must be made in an accurate, capable manner by those who are competent, as in case of a loss, where there is a co-insurance clause in the contract, the accuracy of the appraisement will become an issue, as the insured will have to prove that the insurable values are as claimed. As pointed out, slipshod methods of appraisement may never be detected until a loss occurs and then it is too late to correct errors of the original appraisement. It is important that insurable values of buildings be ascertained prior to the placing of the insurance.

According to Commissioner Homes, many public officials in the past have been putting fire insurance on basement excavations, lot values and such like non-destructible values, which is just throwing money away as they do not represent any insurable value. All non-destructible values must be eliminated from the insurance carried on public structures if the responsible officials are to be true to their trust.

Public Building Contents

With respect to the insurance of the contents of public buildings, the same actual-cash-value-at-the-time-of-fire principle applies as in the case of the buildings themselves. While the ideal system for the valuation of contents would be a perpetual inventory with periodical adjustment for fluctuations in value and depreciation, this system is regarded as being impracticable for most cities because of constant changes in custodial control and failure of civic departments to note accurately all changes in inventory or to note value fluctuations or depreciation offsets in inventory.

A yearly physical inventory of all chattels by every city department, noting each item by cost and at the prevailing price, is mentioned as another system of ascertaining the value of building contents. It is noted, however, that custodial failures in practice will sometimes throw such a system into error, and there should be no error in insured valuations, as such errors are bound to come to light in a loss adjustment at a time when it is too late to correct them.

Instead of either of these two systems, a policy term inventory has been used, it is pointed out, the inventory being made up at the close of the current policy term and values established as of date of inventory, thus furnishing accurate information as to inventory value at the beginning of the new policy term. Evidently there is no agreement among appraisal authorities as to the rate of depreciation of public owned equipment such as exists with respect to the rate of depreciation for buildings. It is to be noted that the maintenance, repair and replacement policy of a municipality will have an important bearing on the depreciation factor to be used in bringing its equipment to current value for insurance purposes. Every municipality must establish some system of inventory valuation and should make a valuation of building contents at least at the beginning of each policy term.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I carry an accident and sickness policy with the Continental Casualty paying $100 per month, and another with the Aetna paying $50 per month, and hospitalization in Edmonton. I also have a policy with the Occidental Life, with the total and permanent disability clause paying $100 per month. The Continental Casualty has a policy giving lifetime payments for total disability and confining sickness, etc., as per enclosed circular, and the Commercial Casualty also offers an attractive group insurance plan, as per accompanying descriptive matter. My Occidental policy is a Term to 65; I am now 45 and have carried it about 10 or 12 years and I feel that it has now served its purpose and that I can dispense with it, as I have other insurance. Will you please give me your advice as to which policies you consider of most value to *me*.

—W. C. J., Edmonton, Alta.

As you now have accident and sickness coverage of $150 per month as well as hospitalization coverage, it would appear that you are already well provided with such protection, unless you feel that your loss of income in case of accident or sickness would be in excess of what you have made provision for at present, in which event you would be making no mistake in taking either the Continental Casualty policy or the group insurance coverage offered by the Commercial Casualty, as both these companies are safe to insure with and the coverage provided is good value for the money.

There is no use in taking out accident and sickness insurance for an amount larger than the money value of the time which would be lost in case of accident or sickness, as one of the statutory conditions in every accident and sickness policy which applies unless specifically waived is as follows: If the accident or sickness benefits for loss of time provided by the policy, together with the accident or sickness benefits payable under other contracts of insurance upon the person of the insured, make up an aggregate indemnity in excess of the money value of the time of the insured, the insurer shall be liable only for such proportion of the benefits stated in the policy as the money value of the time of the insured bears to the aggregate of the benefits payable under all such contracts on the person of the insured, and the excess of premium (if any) paid by the insured shall be returned to him by the insurer.

This statutory condition does not apply to the total and permanent disability benefits payable under your Occidental Life policy, and as this provision provides most valuable protection, especially for a professional man, at a lower rate than it can be obtained under any other type of policy, I would strongly recommend maintaining this policy in force, but would advise converting it into an ordinary life policy as soon as possible, as that would give protection for the whole of life at a low rate, or as long as such protection was needed. Should the time arrive when the protection is no longer required, you can utilize the cash value to provide income or for any other purpose desired.

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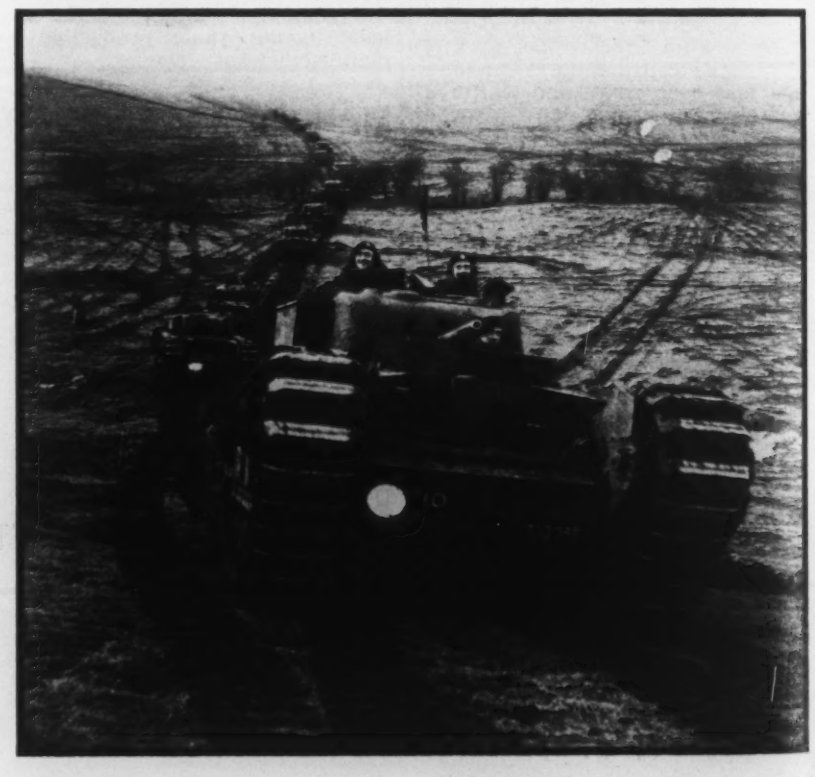
Editor, About Insurance:

Would you kindly let me have a report on the Sovereign Life Assurance Company, with head office at Winnipeg? What is the present business and financial position from the standpoint of the shareholder, and what is your opinion of its stock as an investment?

—L. J. T., Montreal, Que.

Sovereign Life Assurance Company of Canada, with head office at Winnipeg, was organized and incorporated in 1902, and commenced business in 1903. It operates under Dominion charter and registry, with an authorized capital of $1,000,000, of which $840,000 has been subscribed and $209,995 paid up. In addition the shareholders have paid in $203,566 as premium on capital stock. The shares are $100 shares and most of them are 25 per cent paid up, leaving a liability to further call of $75 a share.

At the end of 1941, its total admitted assets, according to Government figures, were $8,644,043, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $8,296,335, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $347,708. As the paid up capital amounted to $209,995, there was a net surplus of $137,713 over capital, policy reserves and all liabilities. That is, the surplus as regards shareholders was $137,713. Its total income in 1941 was $1,664,088, and its total disbursements were $1,038,062, showing an excess of income over disbursements of $626,026. Its insurance in force at December 31, 1941, was $30,677,464 under 19,162 policies. The company is in a sound financial production and is making progress, paying $10,500 in dividends to shareholders in 1941. The latest quotation we have on its stock is $11 bid and $12 asked, and at that figure it is a good buy for a hold in our opinion.



When streets are blocked, these troops use the roofs. Bombed areas in London's East End are used for street fighting exercises. The photo shows an assault party about to mop up an "enemy" sniper's position. "We never know but that perhaps in a matter of days we may launch into something that will lead to a clash with the enemy." Thus warned Canada's General McNaughton last week in an interview following a demonstration of the Canadian Army's strength on the third anniversary of its landing in Britain. In preparation for just such a "clash with the enemy", Canadian overseas troops have lately been engaged in their most extensive program to date, of combined operations training with the Royal Navy and units of the British Army. Below: a column of the heavy "Churchill" infantry tanks sweeps forward during the manoeuvres.

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A Crisis of Method

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

As Britain no longer has any reserve labor, her problem of adequate production for war has become one of method only.

A Committee of the Commons recommends that responsibility for production should always be allocated to an individual instead of a group, that production of each item or associated group of equipment be placed under a sort of managing director, and that there should be better liaison between producer and government departments.

London.

BRITAIN'S war production has had two crises so far in the war. It had a crisis of initial organization, a vast problem solved by such measures as those implied in the assumption by the Government at the outset of giant powers for the control of manufacturing resources. And then it came gradually to the great crisis of labor.

The position now is that the labor problem is no longer one to be solved. There is no labor anywhere else on tap to solve it with. The shortage of labor has become an integral and permanent part of war production. The new crisis is one of method.

Commons' Committee

It had been thought that with the weeding out of the last available man and woman the broad system of final war production had been reached. But it has become plain, not only from private investigation, but also from the 18th Report of the Commons' Select Committee on National Expenditure, that there remains a big job still to be done in managing production so that an intimacy is achieved between what is required and what is being produced and an intimacy also between the individual and his responsibility.

It seems likely that in doing this job a substantial increase in production may be achieved even though the fundamental limits of capacity, raw material and labor have been reached.

First in the recommendations of the Select Committee is the suggestion that responsibility which is commonly left to a Committee and therefore but vaguely allocated should be distinctly allocated to an individual. The classic example in this context is the supply of materials to the army. Here the responsibility has been vested in the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, but, of course, as an individual he can never be called to account on any save the really big issues.

Whether or not the vesting of responsibility in him is effective or not as a step away from the old committee system depends upon whether he in turn puts responsibility on to the shoulders of individuals accountable to him, or brushes them on to the round tables of committees.

For Quicker Action

This whole question of responsibility is very important. It is not that anyone wants to know whom to call to account if it should appear that something is wrong with some branch of production, nor is it that the fact that a man bears responsibility will urge him to efforts greater than those he now puts out. It is that when a single person has charge he will act quickly, and it can be seen how much the cause of speed is served if instead of committees speaking to committees, there are men talking to men.

The next suggestion derives from established business practice. The idea is that there should be a sort of Managing Director controlling what amounts to a complete business unit whose sole responsibility is the direction of production of a single important item of equipment or an associated group of equipment. This perhaps has not in fact been overlooked and it is understood already to be in operation in certain departments.

There is, however, no doubt that it is capable of great extension, just as there is no doubt about its efficacy when properly brought into practice. How often has a complex item of military equipment—a tank, for instance—been designed admirably in one part and less admirably in another, with, maybe, the defensive power of its armor satisfactory but the offensive power of its weapons not so satisfactory. How often, too, has it been found that equipment needing many parts has been withheld from the land or the sea or the air because while almost complete it lacked some part of its complement.

Effective Liaison

The final recommendation of the Committee insists on effective liaison between producers and Government departments. In this matter great progress has been made even within the last few months. But there is no sky to what can be done in this direction. There should be the most complete co-operation with the manufacturing firms in constant consultation with the Government department concerned with their activities. Only thus can the process which in the end produces the ideal gun, or the ideal tanks or the ideal plane be achieved.

There is initially the question of design and here it is the servicemen who must say for what exact purpose the equipment is to be built. Then there is the question of building. Then the servicemen must again say how the equipment has behaved under war conditions.

The need for overhauling to the minutest particular the production apparatus is obviously great at this time. For the United Nations the offensive phase must be the last phase. There must be no halt in it and no slackening. As the world-shaking events unfold themselves new production problems—problems of design, problems of raw materials, problems of manufacture—must present themselves. The Government owes it to the country to leave nothing undone that will serve to attune production to present and future war needs and to ensure that the rate of production is the highest humanly possible.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE labor situation in Canada has been considerably easier during the closing weeks of 1942. The chief reason is that work in the agricultural areas is at low ebb at this season. Men from the farms have been taking jobs in mines and logging camps as well as in factories. Added to this is the fact that various construction jobs have been largely completed. Included among these is a power development in eastern Canada which is stated to be greater than that of Boulder Dam. This work proceeded quietly and secretly and it was only a few days ago that Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply made the announcement. This great plant will make 1,000,000 horsepower available and is believed destined to be the world's largest power plant. About 10,000 men have been employed on construction work at this one plant. There is the added fact that much of the construction at the many air fields has been finished. Not only this, but navigation closed this month on the Great Lakes thereby releasing many sailors for other work during the next four months at least.

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Dominion Magnesium, Ltd., promises to be one of the big new industrial enterprises in Canada during the years that are to follow the end of war. Just now the plant is engaged in turning out its product for the sole benefit of the war machine of the United Nations. The big plant on which millions of dollars have been expended is located on deposits of ore that appear to be almost unlimited. The process employed in the production of magnesium is cheaper than any other known. The enterprise will lend itself to whatever expansion may be demanded. The extent to which magnesium may be used gives promise of being enormous. Those in control of this magnesium producing enterprise are represented by outstanding Canadian mining men, namely, Robt. J. Jowsey, Walter E. Segsworth, and Thayer Lindsley, all of Toronto. The spirit with which these men have given up the product of their resources and their genius to make of Dominion Magnesium an important cog in the war machine is regarded here as a monument of the strength and sincerity of democracy.

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International Nickel Co. of Canada is handling over 1,000,000 tons of ore per month and may attain a rate of 1,200,000 tons every 30 days. Unofficial estimates suggest this may rise to 40,000 tons per day or a rate of very close to 15,000,000 tons a year. What the production may be cannot be announced because of wartime regulations. However, without indulging in guesses or estimates as to volume of nickel and copper and precious metals coming from the mines of International Nickel, it is nevertheless permissible to unofficially estimate the value of the output. Using $15 per ton as a basis of such calculation it would become apparent that this gigantic mining enterprise may find it possible to produce over $200,000,000 a year. This is being accomplished without resort to inflationary prices for the products of the mines, the prices at present comparing favorably with the average prior to the war. Not only this, but the entire program of expansion is designed to help win the war rather than to win profits. Whereas profits before the war (in 1937) were $3.31 per share for the year, the profit for 1941 was just $2.22, and will possibly not exceed $2.10 during 1942. The taxes which the company pay are enormous, approaching $2,500,000 every 30 days. Not only is the company exhausting its ore reserves at an added rate of many millions of tons a year and doing this on a basis of declining aggregate profit, but all those who direct the affairs of the enterprise are conscious of the fact that when the war ends there may be a staggering lull and possibly a prolonged period of readjustment to normal peacetime conditions.

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A final tabulation shows Canada's mineral production in 1941 reached the record level of $560,241,000. The output from the province of Ontario alone was $267,436,000. Quebec produced $99,600,000, while British Columbia came third with an output of $76,840,000. Leading all groups was precious metal amounting to approximately $222,000,000.

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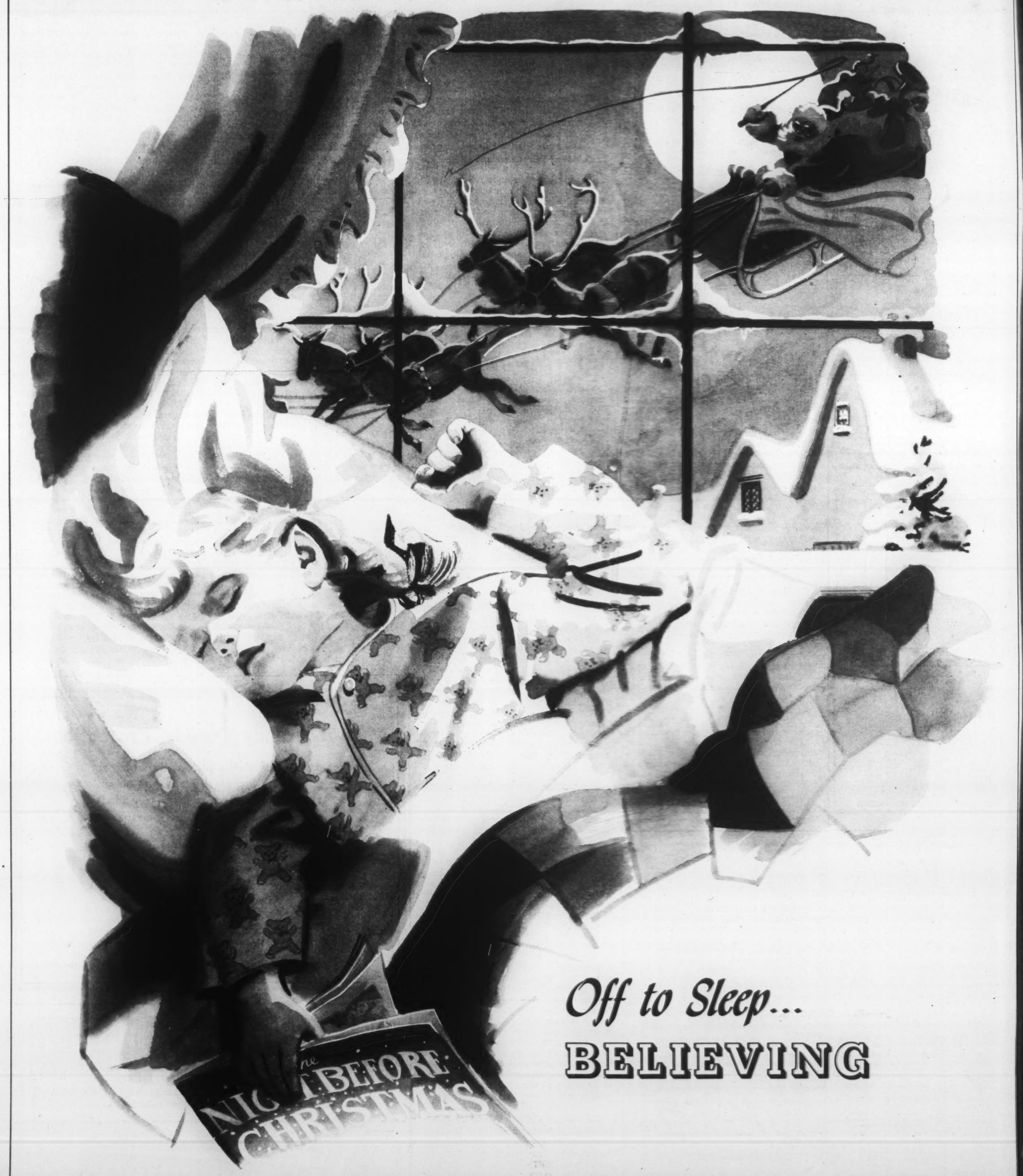

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